

SEPTEMBER 28, 1987

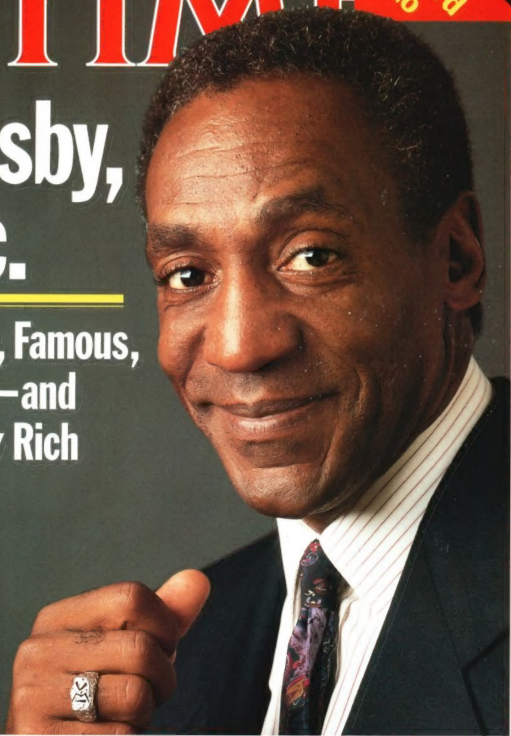
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COVER: TV's favorite dad, and the world's best-paid entertainer, is on a roll 56

The *Cosby Show* is a runaway No. 1 hit. The comedian's first book, *Fatherhood*, set sales records. A second, *Time Flies*, has just been published, marking his 50th birthday. With commercials, concerts, movies and more, his fortunes keep soaring, and he remains firmly in control. Offstage and on, Bill Cosby gets laughs—and results—by doing things his way. See **SHOW BUSINESS**.



NATION: It's official—Reagan and Gorbachev will meet to sign an arms treaty 14

A Shultz-Shevardnadze agreement to agree opens the way to a summit in the U.S.—and maybe a reversal of the missile race. Still, the Pentagon takes a big step toward getting SDI moving. ▶ Bork's shifting positions puzzle Senators more than ever, as his chief inquisitor, Biden, runs into a storm over plagiarism. ▶ A Pat Robertson hat trick stuns Bush and G.O.P. regulars.



RELIGION: Do-it-yourself Catholicism is a "grave error," the Pope warns Americans 44

The crowds during his ten-day U.S. tour were sometimes surprisingly thin, and his speeches were sometimes wooden, but John Paul left behind the clearest statement yet of his desire to rein in an unruly American flock. A "good Catholic," he declared, is not free to follow his own conscience in place of the traditional moral teachings of the church.



32 World

Cory Aquino loses some key Cabinet ministers. ▶ Costa Rica's Arias prepares to sell his peace plan in the U.S. ▶ An ozone accord.

43 Sport

The masters of all they surveyed have lost the hop on their fastball. American athletes are on a dizzying losing streak.

49 Medicine

With symptoms of arthritis, heart problems and depression, Lyme disease means trouble—and has spread around the world.

50 Economy & Business

Despite a U.S. crack-down, many workers toil amid unsafe conditions. ▶ Ford settles with its autoworkers. ▶ Smokeless cigarettes?

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55 Press

Texas Publisher William Dean Singleton snaps up papers in Houston and Denver. ▶ Dan Rather: he was an anchor away.

65 Books

Four writers, among them Joan Didion, are drawn by the urban razzle and fatal glamour of Miami, the definitive city of the '80s.

69 Cinema

Fatal Attraction is the main attraction in a trio of films depicting the battle of the sexes. ▶ Shorts: *Pick-Up Artist* and *Amazon Women*.

76 Food

Frank Perdue and Dinah Shore cross drumsticks in the Great Chicken War. ▶ An elegant new book on Southern cuisine.

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Photograph by
Eddie Adams

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A new dramatic series about the war in Vietnam.

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A streetwise cop
so deep under cover,
one false move and
he stops breathing.

Starring Ken Wahl



Guest Star:
Ray Sharkey

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Series Premiere Thursday, September 24

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CBS

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TOTAL SAVINGS UP TO \$1,995

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Hurry! Offer ends Sept. 30.



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TOTAL SAVINGS UP TO \$1,785

THE
Heartbeat
OF AMERICA



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CHEVY TRUCK**

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†Dealer financial participation may affect consumer cost. See your participating dealer for qualification details.

‡Savings available only on S-10s equipped with special option packages. Not available on S-10 EL Pickup. Savings based on Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Prices (M.S.R.P.) of option packages versus options purchased separately.

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660

Let's get it together.
Chevy's 660
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A Letter from the Publisher

For a journalist, covering the travels of a major figure in the news is a coveted assignment. It can also be a fairly brutal experience. Although there are exhilarating moments of spectacle or significance, there are also logistical nightmares, frustrating stretches of tedium and constant weariness. John Paul II's ten-day U.S. tour was among the most demanding ever for TIME journalists. A five-member TIME team began shadowing the Pope upon his arrival in Miami on Sept. 10. Rome Bureau Chief Sam Allis, who will have traveled 18,000 miles with the Pope in twelve days, is groggy and impressed. "I spent 14 months on the road in the 1984 presidential campaign. The Pope's schedule is even more arduous than a presidential candidate's." Says Photographer Dirck Halstead: "For me, this tour has been the most exhausting since Richard Nixon first went to China in 1972."

Allis has reported John Paul's travels before. He has been stationed in Rome, where his duties include covering the Vatican, since 1985, and he accompanied the Pontiff's entourage to India in 1986 and to Poland this year. But this trip had some especially grueling conditions. First, following the eleven-hour flight from Rome, there was the blast-furnace Florida heat. Then there was the pace. Allis often found himself asking,



On the tarmac: Suarez, Brack, Halstead, Allis, Jarecke

"How do you attend the Mass and the background briefing at the same time?" Then there was the unusually tight security around the Holy Father. To cover a papal Mass at 10 a.m. in Miami, reporters had to muster at 7 a.m. before being bused to and from the event.

For Photographers Halstead, Dennis Brack, Antonio Suarez and Ken Jarecke, there were hair-raising incidents. Cameras and lenses were put out of action by the rain. During a torrential downpour in Miami, lightning began to flash around the tower that Suarez was perched on to photograph the papal

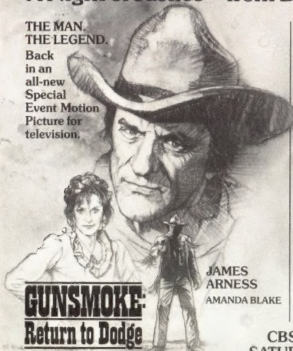
Mass below. He was unhurt, though a TV cameraman was later injured when a bolt struck the tower. In New Orleans, Suarez and Jarecke had to lug 50 lbs. of camera equipment more than two miles in 90°-plus heat from the press buses to a security checkpoint. "Despite all the problems," says Halstead, "the sight of hundreds of thousands of people gathered together is still a photographer's dream. Even smaller events, like seeing the Pope in a classroom in Los Angeles answering children's questions, those are the moments we live for."

Robert L. Miller

A Night of Justice – from Dodge City to the Big City!

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THE LEGEND.

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AMANDA BLAKE

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want coming
down on them.
Especially
the Fatman.

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CONRAD
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SERIES PREVIEW

CBS
SATURDAY
SEPTEMBER 26

Check local listings for time and channel.

Today, he's off exploring the back yard. Tomorrow, he may be off exploring new galaxies.

But before the kids of today can conquer the frontiers of outer space, they'll have to conquer the complexities of mathematics, physics and chemistry. That's where you come in.

For only with your help can they be assured of the first-rate college education they'll need.

Because only with your help will colleges be able to cope with the high cost of learning.

Rising costs and shrinking revenues are threatening the ability of our colleges to provide the kind of education tomorrow's generation will need to solve tomorrow's problems.

So please invest in the future. Give generously to the college of your choice.

You'll be helping launch America to a successful future.

Give to the college of your choice.

**Help him get
America's future
off the
ground.**



Letters

Papal Visit

To the Editors:

Your story on the Pope's trip to the U.S. [RELIGION, Sept. 7] shows how most American Roman Catholics, including the clergy, are living in a fool's paradise. Before Vatican II, we had bishops who followed the rule of doctrine. Now we have doctrine following the whims of bishops. The liberals have gained such momentum that there is hardly a belief that is not subject to debate. For the priests and bishops, religion is becoming like politics: an activity carried on by men without regard for service to God, its supposed purpose.

*Lawrence G. Martin, President
Society of Traditional Roman Catholics
Charlotte, N.C.*



The question should not be "Is it possible to disagree with the Pope and still be a good Catholic?" but rather "Is it possible to disagree with Jesus Christ and still be a believing Christian?" The apostle Paul prophetically said in *1 Timothy*, "For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but wanting to have their ears tickled, they will accumulate for themselves teachers in accordance to their own desires." If feminists and homosexuals find they cannot obey the truths set forth in the inspired Scriptures, let them leave rather than taint the purity of the church.

*Ann Hanna
Laguna Niguel, Calif.*

It used to be a secret that there is nothing in either the Bible or the doctrine of the church prohibiting the ordination of women. But the word is out, and here is one Catholic who is hopeful that women will at last take their proper places in the church as first-class citizens.

*Julia Buonocore
New York City*

The article on the Pope's "feisty flock" shows the stubborn attempt of the world to democratize the church as it

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Letters

would a government of men, and the more stubborn attempt of the church not only to assert its supernatural element but to bestow that element on man. G.K. Chesterton once said, "We don't need a church that is right when we are right, we need a church that is right when we are wrong." According to the poll conducted by TIME, 93% of American Catholics believe they can disagree with the Pope and still be good Catholics. The obvious meaning of this is that American Catholics need to relearn humility and obedience toward God and his church.

*M. Eugenia Law, O.S.B.
Frauenchiemsee, West Germany*

I cannot understand why those Catholics who are dissatisfied with the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church continue to remain in the religion. They are free to select another.

*Ronald G. Pastryk
Chicago*

Long, Hard Hours

Your article "The Work Ethic Lives!" [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, Sept. 7] blames the inflation of the 1970s for today's trend toward longer working hours but ignores other essential factors such as an unrealistically high standard of living and a credit economy. Although many people may

need the extra money, all too often they want to own a bigger car or take a more expensive vacation.

*Margery Penn-Freeman
Randolph, N.J.*

You failed to mention teenagers who work at summer and after-school jobs. I come from a lower-middle-class family, and in order to attend a private school, I have to earn money to pay for my tuition, books, clothes and music lessons. During the summer months I hold down three jobs, starting at 8:30 in the morning and ending at 10 at night. I have one day a week off and save time for church on Sundays. I am not the only teenager who keeps this kind of schedule. Some attention should be given to the hardworking young people in America.

*Sylvia Bramkamp
Exeter, N.H.*

Let us not become too sanguine about the pendulum swinging from hedonism to the work ethic. Your report only proves that we are laboring harder in order to maintain our self-indulgent life-styles.

*Helen W. Joffe
Hamilton, Ohio*

The work ethic my parents taught me consisted of two parts: quality and quantity, with an emphasis on quality. Today we

Americans are less concerned about quality and more involved with the quantity of time we spend at our work. For some people, this situation has been created by family economic necessity, but for others it is a passionate love affair with money.

*Gary Leslie
Alexandria, Va.*

Testing Aquino

I strongly doubt that in his attempt to overthrow President Corazon Aquino [WORLD, Sept. 7], Colonel Gregorio Honasan intended, as he says, to unify the Filipino people. The rebels who support Honasan will attempt more coups, until Aquino is toppled. But Filipinos should understand that their President is not a magician. She cannot change an entire nation in 18 months.

*Romulo C. Bondad
Lennox, Calif.*

As a Filipino, I say President Aquino should deal legally but harshly with the conspirators. She must realize that naiveté and Christian charity will not change the minds of these dangerous men, who grew accustomed to privilege and absolute power during the Marcos dictatorship. It is time the Aquino government formulated progressive agrarian reform, encompassing all agricultural lands,

A man is framed
for murder...twice!
Can Jessica single
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Guest Stars:
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Dack Rambo



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**MURDER,
SHE WROTE**

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SPECIAL 2-HOUR PREVIEW!

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Starring Jerry Orbach
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SUNDAY • SEPTEMBER 27

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Letters

and supported a Philippine national economy, even at the expense of displeasing friendly nations like the U.S.

Bert M. Drona
Castro Valley, Calif.

AIDS in Arcadia

The good citizens of Arcadia, Fla., are undoubtedly proud of themselves for their shameful treatment of the three Ray boys, who have been exposed to the AIDS virus [NATION, Sept. 7]. I am equally sure a number of the town's residents consider themselves good Christians, but I wonder how many of them would welcome Jesus at their table after he had been out among the lepers.

John Henry Sain
Medford, Ore.

Separate Houses

It is good that West Germany's Helmut Kohl and East Germany's Erich Honecker are getting together for a friendly meeting [WORLD, Sept. 7]. But West Germany should not rashly abandon its common interest with other West European nations and with NATO in exchange for a closer relationship with East Germany. Such contact would cause West Germany to stumble into a closer association with the Soviet Union, which will never give up its totalitarian character and its claim to hegemony.

Jürgen Ptscha
Offenburg, West Germany

Dear Non-German:

Imagine your country being split into three parts. The eastern section becomes part of Poland and the U.S.S.R. The central area, although called East Germany, is usurped by a Soviet-supported government. That leaves the western part to the Allies. There will never be an end to tensions in Central Europe if Germans are forced to live in separate houses. How can you expect us to feel friendly toward the European Community and NATO when they welcome our divided nation?

Hartmuri Voelkel
Olpe, West Germany

Cooled Friendship

Your article on Panama's General Manuel Antonio Noriega [NATION, Sept. 7] illustrates the absurdity of the Reagan Administration's Central American policy. Confronted with charges that the Panamanian dictator has profited from drug smuggling and has supplied restricted American technology to Cuba, a U.S. State Department policymaker says, "We can afford to let the relationship deteriorate a little bit." If this is the kind of government that U.S. support produces in Central America, what can we expect from a contra-led Nicaragua?

Daniel J. Stone
Los Angeles

With your story on General Noriega, you have joined the campaign to destabilize Panama. You claim that the general has been accused of fraud in the 1984 elections, drug running, money laundering and selling American technology to the Cubans and Soviets. This accusation is based on rumor and hearsay that would not hold up as evidence in any court.

Aquilino Boyd, Ambassador
Envoy on Special Missions
Embassy of Panama
Washington

Embracing Esperanto

I was intrigued by the comment of your reader [LETTERS, Aug. 24] who feels that Esperanto could never become a world language since "it has no cultural history, no indigenous literature and no monolinguals or even first-language speakers." In India, many like me long for just such a soulless lingua franca. Our country is ravaged by linguistic chauvinism and burdened by the uncompromising and belligerent supporters of some 15 major languages and more than 500 dialects. The rich cultural heritages of many of those tongues ironically serve as fuel for the fires of hatred. Salvation perhaps lies in a language that ensures equity by being emotionally barren and alien to all.

Singannallu N. Srikanth
Madras

Rescuing the Rhino

Congratulations to Zimbabwe's Prime Minister Robert Mugabe for his strong stand in favor of saving the black rhinoceros [ENVIRONMENT, Sept. 7]. It is reassuring to hear that some leaders are interested in preserving our planet rather than destroying it.

Chris Eisenberg
Park City, Utah

Zimbabwe's new policy of shoot first and ask questions later is the only realistic way to deal with poachers: turning the hunter into the hunted. Unless we in the U.S. also get tough on polluters, we will soon find ourselves living in a nationwide toxic dump. Our national symbol will have to be the cockroach, since it will be the only wildlife able to survive.

Roy A. Murray
Huntsville, Ala.

In 1986 I traveled to Tanzania's Ngorongoro Crater. Your story reminded me of a decal on the side window of our lorry. It showed the profile of a rhino and the words MY HORN IS MY DILEMMA.

Virginia Daniels
Wichita

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American Scene

In Louisiana: "We Got the Hook in 'Em Now, Bubba"

The last time we saw Paris, we saw Sam Thomas, who is as native to Louisiana as a muskrat, dancing at Régine's, whither he had ventured from the George V, where he had a suite that he used as an office to organize a dinner at Versailles for 300 Cajuns, to make reservations at the Lido and the Crazy Horse, and to book the whole mob on planes and buses for a gambling sortie to Monte Carlo (he could have been doing all this at once; it is hard to say with Sam). When we caught up with him again this summer, he was on a train bound for glory, he hoped, rushing a gubernatorial candidate through 29 whistle-stops, roughly circumscribing the state of Louisiana in four days. Sam's wife Nita wishes he would take it a little easier.

Since that trip to France, three years ago this past winter, a degree of change has visited Louisiana as well as Sam. The oil and gas economy, crumbling badly then, is all but bust now. The man in whose name the fund-raising Parisian expedition had been made, Edwin Edwards, the Governor, has suffered two bruising trials on charges of making a small fortune through influence peddling, basically, and has been acquitted. Nonetheless, when looking at a possible fourth term, Edwards told Sam that maybe he should sit this one out. Sam agreed, thinking, "Ever since we carried him to Versailles, he's been acting like a king," and switched his support to Congressman Billy Tauzin of Thibodaux. Edwards eventually decided to run all the same. That is about where things stand now, except Sam had a heart attack a little while ago—he is 57 years old—and his wife wants him to slow down. And that is why we went to Louisiana to board Sam's train, to look in on his health.

In 1959, covering Earl Long's last race for Governor, the great A.J. Liebling wrote, "Politics is to the conversation of Louisiana what horse racing is to England's." In London, anyone from the Queen to a dustman will talk horses; in Louisiana, anyone from a society woman to a bellhop will talk politics. Louisiana politics is of an intensity and complexity that are matched, in my experience, only in the republic of Lebanon. 1959 was the year Sam was working for Jimmie Davis, who wrote *You Are My Sunshine* and

whose motto was "I Never Done Nobody No Harm," and who won, Sam, at 29, was made vice chairman of the commerce and industry board.

Sam Thomas Jr. has been a political junkie since he was a kid working for his father, who ran Sam Thomas Mercantile Co. ("The Poor Man's Friend") in Quitman. Nita first met him when he was 16, driving a yellow pickup, racing voters down dusty roads to the polls. They were married in 1950, and from there they went on to build a comfortable, prosperous life, largely through Sam's property

bled together from museums and collectors at a cost of \$100,000. For that price, you could buy a week's TV advertising in Louisiana, but Sam had argued the train was a better "hook." Indeed, there was a world of press aboard. This is Sam's genius, and presently he got off the train and took our hand in both of his and then thwacked us on the back and said, "We got the hook in 'em now, Bubba."

Directly, the candidate introduced his wife Gayle, his children, his parents and gave a little speech off the back car, the *King Cotton*, to a fair-size crowd of about

250. "How do you think Sam looks?" his wife Nita asked. We said kind of pale, otherwise all right. He's a big man, with a bald head the size of the moon, and we remembered he had more color that winter in Paris. Nita said she was trying to get him to embrace the foreign notion of rest.

We had a pleasant evening with a strong drink or two and went out next day into the steam bath they call morning in these parts and got on the train. Three long bleats from the whistle later, we were passing milkweed, honeysuckle, blackberries, scrub pines, live oaks and town squares shimmering in the liquid heat. Our first stop was the village of Arcadia, where the feed store was having a sale on "baler twine and garden dusts." Gayle, the candidate's wife, spoke first because, after two days of nonstop speechifying, Tauzin's voice was worn raw enough to sound like the screech of a baritone cat. Sam, off the train, was working the crowd when a child shot between his knees. He said gently, without even

looking at the girl, "Hey darlin', settle down," and went on shaking hands.

The candidate had taken the microphone and was saying in his rasp, "Arcadia, listen: Louisiana is coming together like it's never been together before. Isn't it time we started cleaning up this place?" just as a gentleman tugged at our sleeve. We said, "Yes?" And he said, "These timers you're standing on. They're historic. Bonnie and Clyde were laid out here May 24, 1934. They were embalmed up there in the furniture store. The historical society has a re-enactment every year." If the train had not threatened to strand us in Arcadia, we would have found out how one re-enacts a double embalming.



Nita and Sam Thomas, Gayle and Billy Tauzin, politicking

dealings, and to have four children. One of them, Patti Harper, picked us up at the Shreveport airport with her own two off-spring corralled in the back of her car, snarling for soft drinks. "We just had to do something about Edwin," Patti said, speaking of the incumbent Governor. "We were all tired of the jokes." Edwards' flamboyance, his taste for shooting craps and kissing pretty women, are legend. "There is such a thing as *too much flair*," Patti went on. "Anyway, Billy Tauzin is a solid family man."

We passed a hot, sticky afternoon in Shreveport, and in the buggy gloaming the train pulled in. There were ten cars, Pullmans and lounges from the past, cob-

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American Scene

The alliteratively named Selma Sumlin, who introduced herself as Miz Sumlin, got on board in Arcadia for a joyride to the next town. She wore a sun hat and a floral cotton dress, said forthrightly that she was 75 and that she had baked the pound cake she was carrying. We asked her what was the biggest issue going in Arcadia. She said, "It's pretty quiet." Just then a big old boy named Jerry Dingler said, "Yeah, the mayor's not under indictment anymore."

"Hush your mouth," said Miz Sumlin. "He was acquitted."

"Yeah," said Jerry, "he was acquitted of stealing tires."

"Don't write that down," Miz Sumlin commanded us, and we didn't.

Sam was busier than a California smoke jumper. He had aboard 15 industrialists, investment bankers and businessmen from Japan, Korea and around the nation (read: this politician isn't just campaigning, he is introducing money to the state *before* the election), and the air conditioning was failing left and right. Jackets went first, then neckties. We made a car-to-car inspection in an effort not to melt, and were reminded of our Southern mother's line, i.e., Southern women don't sweat, they glow.

Next stop, Grambling. Sam was once treasurer of the college here, as well as treasurer of nearby Louisiana Tech University. He knew practically everyone listening to the candidate, whose voice was a painful crack. The midday blast furnace was so oppressive our socks were soaked.

Next stop, Ruston. Sam was once president of the First National Bank here. He knew the crowd. The candidate, perspiring so you could see through his shirt, was comparing Louisiana to the train: "Rich in history, rich in heritage, not as shiny as it used to be, but able to get back on track." An elderly man of the soil sidled over to us and inquired, "Do you think he believes all that horse manure?" Back on the train, even the tap water came out smoking.

Then on to Monroe, where Sam had providentially organized an indoor speech, with finger sandwiches and factory air. Salt circles appeared on everyone's clothing. Leaving that building with its high brick walls and Boston ferns, shrimp on ice and tall, cool drinks was like being told you had won the lottery at lunch and then at supper being called an April Fool. When told to reboard, we fools fell in line like a chain gang.

A rare hour with Sam as we approached sundown and Alexandria: Nita had talked him into pulling off his shoes and lying down in a Pullman. "I don't golf. I don't fish. This is my recreation," he said. "I love it." He went into the off-stage dealing you do to separate a candidate from the pack and make him a front runner, and if this were a political account we would put the tricks into the ledger. Moreover, on the next day, we would

have a quiet hour with the candidate and find him an intelligent, well-intentioned man with pragmatic ideas and lofty ideals. But we don't know his fellow Democratic contenders—Jim Brown, Buddy Roemer, Butch Baum, Tom Clausen, Speedy Long (and we do not wish to arm-wrestle the incumbent)—or the lone Republican, Bob Livingston, so we are sticking with Sam, who said, "There are 4½ million people in this state and if I can"—here he put his palms together and moved them as you would to describe the course of a river—"... well, you get the idea. If you can make people see things your way, there is nothing more satisfying. Call me crazy." Sam said the train idea was just the "perfect hook. You knew the media would eat it up."

That night we lived in the Bentley in Alexandria, a town some Louisianians call Alick. The great Lieblich best de-



Sumlin with sweet cake, sharp tongue

scribed this hotel: "The Bentley was built in 1908 by an Alexandrian lumber king who thought Alick was destined to be a metropolis: like a parent buying clothes for a growing boy, he took several sizes too large." We dined late in the old hotel and Sam, grown giddy with exhaustion, suggested we "order just one more bottle of wine and get snookered" just as Nita blindsided him and put him down for the night. By next day she had lobbed him into going home to Monroe to rest. The trip into New Orleans was much like the day before, only not the same without Sam in the orchestra pit. When we chuffed into the Crescent City at last, a retired railroad hand told us, "We were on seven different tracks. We had to satisfy four different railroad companies. We made a route that passenger cars had never made before. It was a logistical nightmare. If you'd asked me, I'da said it couldn'ta been done."

We gave him Sam's number and asked him to repeat himself, word for word.

—By Gregory Jaynes

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TIME SEPTEMBER 28, 1987

Looking at A Summit

The superpowers agree to a missile deal

In order to sign a treaty on intermediate-range and shorter-range missiles... a summit between President Reagan and General Secretary Gorbachev will take place. The summit will be held in the fall of 1987.

—Joint U.S.-Soviet statement issued last week

There have been summits before, of course, but this one will be something special. After nearly six years of tense and frequently stormy on-and-off negotiations, the superpowers that share the awesome ability to blow up the world will have an actual commitment for their leaders to solemnize. So the next summit will not be a mere smile-and-handshake affair, like Geneva in 1985, or an inconclusive wrangle, like Reykjavik last year. Instead, Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev intend to sign a pact that will for the first time eliminate a whole class of modern nuclear weapons and, just maybe, begin to turn the U.S. and U.S.S.R. away from their arms race. Where will they meet? In the U.S., it seems clear, undoubtedly beginning in Washington. Exactly when will Gorbachev come calling, and how long will he stay? Details, details, the superpowers appeared to be saying. Secretary of State George Shultz and Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze, meeting in Washington last week, refused to get bogged down in the fine points. They agreed to have an Intermediate-Range Nuclear Forces treaty ready for signing at a summit and to push lower-level negotiators to cross the last *r*'s and dot the last *i*'s in the course of the next month or so. That agreement to agree met the condition Gorbachev had imposed ever since Reagan, at Geneva nearly two years ago, invited him to visit the U.S.: he would come only if assured that he and the President could transact some major business.

Nailing down that assurance took 10½ hours of talks between Shultz and Shevardnadze stretching over three days, an unscheduled call by the two on Reagan in the White House Thursday evening,

and a cable later that night from the Soviet embassy to the Kremlin seeking Politburo approval. (Gorbachev presumably sent his O.K. from the Black Sea coast, where he is vacationing.) By Friday morning, reporters were summoned to the White House to hear the momentous news.

First, aides handed out a written joint statement announcing an "agreement in principle to conclude a treaty." Negotiating teams in Geneva, said the statement, have been instructed to complete a full draft text for Shultz and Shevardnadze to review when the Secretary visits Moscow next month. "Exact dates" for the summit will be settled then too.

Next, Reagan took the podium in the jammed White House briefing room to congratulate Shultz and Shevardnadze "for their outstanding efforts over the past three days," before turning the proceedings over to Shultz, who looked tired but sounded about as ebullient as the phlegmatic Secretary will ever let himself get.



To be dismantled: a U.S. Pershing II missile
Eliminating a whole class of weapons



Said Shultz: "Things have changed tremendously in the relationship between the United States and the Soviet Union, even going back to this time three years ago," when a visit by Shevardnadze's predecessor, Andrei Gromyko, got high-level talks going again after a long suspension. Shevardnadze, meeting the press a few minutes later at the Soviet embassy, sounded positively euphoric. He called the agreement "amazing" and predicted that it would open "a new period" of "détente," a word neither Reagan nor Shultz would use; it has become a bugaboo to American conservatives.

Euphoria is premature; an INF treaty may yet have difficulty winning the two-thirds Senate majority needed for ratification. But there is some reason to think that the deal may set the tone for additional U.S.-Soviet agreements. That process has already begun. Shultz and Shevardnadze concluded two other accords last week. In a ceremony in the White House Rose Garden on Tuesday, at the start of Shevardnadze's visit, they signed a minor but symbolically significant agreement setting up two "nuclear risk-reduction centers." Two days later, they announced an agreement to begin by Dec. 1 "full-scale" negotiations looking toward an eventual ban on nuclear tests (though American offi-



cials implied that this is a very long-range goal indeed). The immediate aim will be to work out verification procedures that will allow the U.S. to finally ratify two treaties negotiated long ago that limit the number and size of tests.

Far more important, Shultz and Shevardnadze reported some significant progress on the biggest of all nuclear issues: reducing the arsenals of long-range strategic weapons that the U.S. and Soviet Union aim directly at each other. At Geneva in 1985, Reagan and Gorbachev agreed in principle on a 50% cut, but the two sides have been unable to work out how that cut should be apportioned among the various categories of missiles and warheads. Last week, the Soviets for the first time accepted the American principle of setting subceilings on different categories of warheads (and not just launchers). That does not mean the Strategic Arms Reduction Talks will produce a treaty any time soon. For one thing, the Soviets have not yet met the U.S. desire for extra-deep cuts in heavy, land-based missiles. An even bigger sticking point is Soviet insistence on tying such a pact to restrictions on the U.S. Strategic Defense Initiative, which Reagan will not accept. But American officials were surprised and heartened by the real Shevardnadze's del-

egation displayed for negotiating at least the outline of a START treaty; some even discerned Soviet hints of yielding on SDI research. One interpretation is that the Soviets are eager to wrap up all the deals they can while Reagan is still in office, figuring that Archconservative Reagan would be in a better position than any successor to sell agreements to the Senate. On the other hand, the Soviets may be setting the stage for a new effort to prevent SDI deployment by starting a negotiating chain reaction that the next President might be politically unable to stop.

It is the INF treaty, however, that has become the touchstone of whether the U.S. and Soviet Union can summon the political will to begin reversing the arms race. Since 1981, when Reagan first proposed what eventually became known as the zero-zero option (meaning simply dismantling all intermediate-range missiles), there has been a long series of negotiations, interrupted for 16 months by a Soviet walkout that began in 1983. When Shevardnadze's team arrived in Washington, the toughest remaining question was what to do about 72 Pershing 1A shorter-range missiles, owned by West Germany and equipped with U.S. warheads.

West German Chancellor Helmut

Agreeing to agree: Shultz, Shevardnadze and Reagan Tuesday in the Rose Garden

Kohl has promised to destroy the missiles once the U.S. and Soviet weapons are dismantled, but the Soviets wanted this spelled out in the treaty: the U.S. resisted, contending that it had no right to negotiate about German weapons. Also, the Soviets insistently asked what the U.S. would do with the warheads. A way out of the impasse appeared Tuesday night as the two delegations were enjoying a picnic supper (hamburgers, fried chicken, baked beans) on a 65-ft. barge cruising down the Potomac. National Security Adviser Frank Carlucci drew Deputy Foreign Minister Alexander Bessmertnykh aside. Said Carlucci: "Best I can understand it, we do the same thing with warheads you do." Replied Bessmertnykh: "Yes, that's right."

So it was eventually decided: once the German missiles are dismantled, the warheads will revert to complete American control and be treated the same way as all other warheads covered by the treaty—that is, they will be taken apart. None of this will be spelled out in the treaty, however, or even in a side letter; the protocol to the treaty will merely contain a vague reference to warheads "which by unilateral decision have been released from coop-

erative programs." That leaves two points still to be resolved: the timetable for scrapping missiles and warheads, and the method of verifying that they are in fact destroyed. Both sides considered these problems unlikely to hold up completion of a draft treaty.

If they are right, Shultz and Shevardnadze can devote much of their time in Moscow next month to setting the date for a summit and the itinerary for a possible Gorbachev tour of the U.S. American officials think the most probable time will be mid-to-late November. While the summit proper will presumably be held in Washington, it apparently remains undecided whether Gorbachev will want to go anywhere else.

If he does, Reagan will undoubtedly take his visitor to Rancho del Cielo, the President's ranch in the mountains above Santa Barbara, perhaps for Thanksgiving. Reagan would love to show Gorbachev the sweeping views of the Pacific Ocean and inland valleys. (One problem: Can the Soviet leader ride a horse, and would he be willing to try? Nobody in the U.S. professes to know.) Reagan has mused in the past about showing a Soviet leader middle-class American homes, schools, churches, possibly a high-tech factory; the President appears to think the picture of

LET'S MAKE A DEAL	
The agreement calls for elimination of all Soviet and U.S. intermediate-range missiles	
U.S.	U.S.S.R.
Longer range (600-3,400 miles)	
Perishing IIs	SS-20s
108 launchers	441 launchers
108 warheads	1,323 warheads
Cruise missiles	SS-4s
64 launchers	112 launchers
256 warheads	112 warheads
Shorter range (300-600 miles)	
Perishing IAs*	SS-12/22s
72 warheads	120 launchers
	120 warheads
	SS-23s
	20 launchers
	20 warheads

*Not specifically mentioned in agreement

capitalist prosperity would impress even so dedicated a Communist as Gorbachev.

One question that has drawn little attention so far but will loom large over the summit is whether the Senate can be persuaded to ratify an INF treaty. Both sides have tended to assume that a pact accept-

able to a President as conservative as Reagan would whistle through easily, but there are already warnings that ratification will be no cinch. If a treaty is signed in November, ratification debates may begin next February, precisely when the primary campaigns in both parties will be approaching fever pitch. The treaty could well come under fire from an odd coalition of Republican conservatives distrustful of any deal with Moscow and Democratic liberals eager to prove they are not soft on the Soviets.

Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd warned last week that the legislators at minimum may attach reservations and understandings that would have to be renegotiated with Moscow. The prospect worries Shevardnadze; he made a point last week of recalling the Soviets' "bitter experience" with the SALT II treaty, which was never ratified and which Reagan has now declared dead.

Winning ratification may take all of Reagan's persuasive power. But an INF treaty, while no panacea, is the essential building block for any further progress. Future hopes for a move away from the ghastly specter of nuclear war will be riding on the Senate debate.

—By George J. Church.
Reported by David Altkman and Barrett Seaman/
Washington

Stage Two for Star Wars

Even as the Reagan Administration, represented by Secretary of State George Shultz, was concluding a successful series of talks with the Soviets, the Reagan Administration, represented by Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger, was preparing to accelerate a program that the Soviets consider a major obstacle to arms control. Weinberger has decided that the Strategic Defense Initiative will graduate to the Milestone I stage, a Pentagon term meaning that the system is ready to pass from "exploration" to "demonstration." Star Wars, so far tested mostly in theory, will move beyond the blackboard and toward the battlefield.

Six key SDI-related systems will be evaluated: three are intended to track and monitor Soviet ICBM launches, two would fire interceptors to destroy the attacking missiles, and one is a "battle-management" computer for coordinating the entire space- and ground-based program. Using computer

Although the hardware to be tested is relatively conventional compared with the laser beams and nuclear-generated X rays proposed for the future, the six systems involved would be central to the initial deployment of any antimissile system envisioned by this Administration. Lieut. General James Abrahamson, head of SDI, is explicit about the purpose of Milestone I. "We'd like to reach a position where in the 1990s we will be able to go ahead with deployment," he says, "and to do that we need the

enhanced confidence gained from additional testing." Equally important, the tests will give new momentum to SDI, making it more difficult for the next President to scrap the system.

Many in the scientific community, and even some in the defense establishment, believe that testing is premature. In July members of a panel created to advise the Pentagon's defense acquisition board concluded that the decision to move SDI into Milestone I should be delayed one or two years. Calling the first-phase design "still quite sketchy," the panel found that a "great deal of progress has been made, but much remains to be done before a confident decision can be made to proceed."

The Defense Department insists that by testing only parts of SDI this second phase will still conform to the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty of 1972, which prohibits the development, testing or deployment of any new ABM system. But the Administration is chafing for a broader interpretation to accommodate expanded SDI development.

That has many in Congress worried. Last week the Senate voted 58-38 in favor of a provision that would bar the Pentagon from spending any funds on SDI testing that goes beyond the narrow interpretation of the ABM treaty. The provision, offered by Armed Services Committee Chairman Sam Nunn, is tied to the \$302 billion defense authorization bill. Similar language is included in the House version of the military spending bill. Both are seen as a direct challenge to the President's plans to move ahead with SDI, and Reagan has threatened to veto the defense budget rather than accept the congressional interference.



Abrahamson with a model of an SDI interceptor

Biden's Familiar Quotations

Revelations about retread rhetoric rock the Senator's campaign



It should have been the best of times, but it was the worst of times for Joseph Biden. For months it had been a truth universally acknowledged: that the Senator in want of the presidency could revive his flagging candidacy as he presided over the Robert Bork confirmation hearings. But, oh, the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Before Bork even took the witness stand, Biden learned the hard way that 1988 presidential politics has become a school for scandal. Now many believe that Biden's beleaguered candidacy has almost certainly shuffled off its mortal coil. But the defiant candidate still insists that the whole flap is "much ado about nothing."

One thing is for sure: Joe Biden has surmounted his name-recognition problem. In fact, he received more exposure last week than he may be able to bear. Serious students of public affairs probably noticed that he performed competently, but far from memorably, at the Bork hearings. But what most voters are more likely to remember was the endless TV sequences of Biden's words on the campaign trail juxtaposed with almost identical oratory coming from the mouth of Robert Kennedy, Hubert Humphrey and British Labor Party Leader Neil Kinnock. English teachers in New Hampshire high schools were soon using Biden as the bad example in lessons on the evils of plagiarism.

What might be called the Glib Crib Crisis began when the *New York Times* revealed that Biden had been guilty of rhetorical shoplifting. Biden's passionate and seemingly personal closing statement in a Democratic debate in Iowa in late August had been swiped without attribution and almost word for word from a Kinnock TV commercial designed to evoke memories of the British class struggle. Where Kinnock's coal-mining ancestors worked "eight hours underground," Biden's somewhat mythical forebears "would come up after twelve hours." Biden in the past had given credit to Kinnock, but in Iowa he introduced the fiery rhetoric by deceptively claiming, "I started thinking as I was coming over here..." To make matters worse,

Biden repeated the offense in a tape he made three days later for the National Education Association.

It was clearly folly for Biden to appropriate Kinnock's family tree as he conjured up coal-mining ancestors "who read poetry and wrote poetry and taught me how to sing verse." But hitherto, politics has been far more tolerant of borrowings from *Bartlett's* than of monkey business in Bimini. In fact, some of the most famous lines of modern oratory have questionable paternity.



A Senator's speechwriters: Kinnock and Kennedy

Was the Glib Crib Crisis "much ado about nothing"?

Winston Churchill's "blood, toil, tears and sweat" was inspired by John Donne; John Kennedy's "Ask not what your country can do for you" echoed Oliver Wendell Holmes; and Ronald Reagan's 1980 debate cry, "I am paying for this microphone," was apparently lifted from a 1948 movie, *State of the Union*.

Why, then, has Biden become a modern-day Jean Valjean, condemned to suffer permanently for the political equivalent of stealing a loaf of bread? Biden is more than a hapless victim, since his Gatling-gun rhetoric certainly compounded the problem. Still, the Biden brouhaha illustrates the six deadly requirements for a crippling political scandal.

1) A Pre-Existing Subject. "The basic rap against Biden," explains Democratic Pollster Geoff Garin, "is that he's a candidate of style, not substance."

2) An Awkward Revelation. The Kinnock kleptomania was particularly damaging to Biden since it underscored the prior concerns that he was a shallow vessel for other people's ideas.

3) A Maladroit Response. Top Aide Tom Donilon claimed that Biden failed to credit Kinnock because "he didn't know what he was saying. He was on autopilot."

4) The Press Piles On. Once textual fidelity became an issue, reporters found earlier cases in which Biden had failed to give proper citation to Humphrey and Robert Kennedy. By themselves these transgressions would not have been worth noting.

5) The Discovery of Youthful Folly. During his first months at Syracuse University Law School, in 1965, Biden failed a course because he wrote a paper that used five pages from a published law-review article without quotation marks or a proper footnote. Since Biden was allowed to make up the course, the revelation was front-page news only because it kept the cypocet contritements alive.

6) An Overwrought Press Conference. With a rambling and disjointed opening statement, Biden failed to reap the benefits of public confession, even though he called himself "stupid" and his actions "a mistake." Part of the problem is that he contradicted himself by also insisting that it was "ludicrous" to attribute every political idea.

Was the peculiar timing of the barrage of Biden brickbats accidental? The *Des Moines Register* reported that an unidentified campaign had circulated an "attack video" linking Kinnock's and Biden's rhetoric. A reporter for a Florida legal newspaper, the *Miami Review*, was also tipped off last week about the law school plagiarism incident and alerted a sister publication, Washington's *Legal Times*. In trying to confirm the information, reporters for the paper talked to a variety of Washington political insiders, including an adviser to the Richard Gephardt campaign.

Whatever the justice of the case, Biden's campaign does appear seriously wounded by the latest outbreak of the New Politics of Rectitude. Biden vowed that his campaign will continue, but barring some cleansing act of valor, he may be doomed to limp along until the chance comes to withdraw honorably from the fray. In the end, Biden may be remembered as the candidate who truly offered the voters an echo and not a choice.

—By Walter Shapiro.

Reported by Michael Duffy/Washington

A Bork Without the Bite

To his Senate questioners, the nominee proves a moving target

Judge Robert Bork, the fire-breathing right-wing ideologue who would wreak havoc on U.S. law, did not show up at the Senate Caucus Room last week. Neither did Robert Bork, the quick-witted charmer, "the bearded Ollie North," who would obliterate his opposition. The 14 members of the Senate Judiciary Committee met a different Robert Bork last week, one who did not quite fit the images drawn by either his liberal critics or his conservative boosters.

Through five days of testimony, Bork portrayed himself as a questing thinker who had mellowed with time. In the process, he modified or danced away from several of his well-documented, iconoclastic views on key legal issues ranging from freedom of speech to sex discrimination. To explain his evolving ideas, he quoted Benjamin Franklin: "The older I grow, the more apt I am to doubt my own judgment and to pay more respect to the judgment of others."

Several Senators on the panel did not take such a sanguine view of Bork's philosophical backpedaling. Before the hear-

ing, many lawmakers were concerned that Bork was too rigid in his conservative ideology. During the judge's testimony, they wondered aloud if he was, instead, too changeable. "What troubles me is the very significant and profound shifts," said Pennsylvania Republican Arlen Specter, who has remained undecided. "Where's the predictability in Judge Bork?" Vermont Democrat Patrick Leahy fired a more serious charge at the witness. Accusing Bork of mendaciously softening his views to ensure Senate approval, Leahy called the judge's changes of opinion a case of "confirmation conversion."

By trimming his sails, Bork left his liberal critics scurrying to revise their tactics. Said Nan Aron, director of the Alliance for Justice: "He's not coming across as a cool, intellectual thinker but as someone who changes his mind according to which way the wind is blowing." The Leadership Conference on Civil Rights produced a seven-page analysis called *Bork v. Bork* that declared, "What the New Judge Bork now says differs significantly from the Old Judge Bork on free

speech, discrimination on the basis of sex, privacy and contraception."

Bork's supporters generally felt that he helped his case by coming across as open to change. Contended Bruce Fein, a legal scholar at the conservative Heritage Foundation: "Open-minded people frequently change their minds. Constitutional jurisprudence is not first-grade arithmetic."

One of his most notable changes involves free speech. In a 1971 *Indiana Law Journal* article, Bork argued that "constitutional protection should be accorded only to speech that is explicitly political." He also challenged as "fundamentally wrong" the court's 1969 decision in *Brandenburg v. Ohio*, which held that speech advocating violence can be restricted only when it is "directed to inciting or producing imminent lawless action."

Though Bork testified that he had altered these views some time ago, last week marked the first public retreat from his stands. On political speech, Bork explained that the "area of what is political or what affects politics has expanded

THEN AND NOW

FREE SPEECH

In 1971 he wrote, "Constitutional protection should be accorded only to speech that is explicitly political," and should not be extended to "any speech that advocates forcible overthrow of the government or the violation of any laws."

In testimony he maintained that "First Amendment protection applies to moral discourse . . . scientific speech . . . news . . . opinion . . . literature." And he said he accepts Supreme Court decisions protecting speech that advocates lawbreaking but does not incite imminent lawless acts.

WOMEN

In 1982 he criticized the use of the equal protection clause to "protect groups that were historically not intended to be protected by that clause." Earlier this year he said that the clause "should have been kept to things like race and ethnicity."

Said that the equal protection clause "applies to women" except when lawmakers can show courts a "reasonable basis" for any distinction they make between the sexes. By that method, "only extreme cases based upon biological differences"—such as women in combat—"would probably be upheld."

PRIVACY AND ABORTION

In 1971 he wrote that the "right of married couples to have sexual relations without fear of unwanted children is no more worthy of constitutional protection by the courts than the right of public utilities to be free of pollution control laws." Five years ago he called the *Roe v. Wade* abortion decision an "unconstitutional decision, a serious and wholly unjustifiable usurpation of state legislative authority."

About privacy he told the Senate, "You have to define it and the court has not given it definition. That's my only point." Of the effort to find constitutional protections for the right to abortion: "There may be some way to do it, I have heard fairly strong moral arguments for abortion, just as I have heard fairly strong moral arguments against it. Whether those moral arguments could be rooted to the constitutional material, I don't know."

"You've gone through a lot of changing ideas. I wish I was a psychiatrist rather than a lawyer and remember of this committee entry and figure out what you would do if you were on the Supreme Court."

—Senator Helms

"I've been getting criticism because I never change my mind and now because I've changed my mind."

—Judge Bork

TIME Court

enormously . . . So I have expanded to where I am about where the Supreme Court is." On the protection of subversive speech, Bork declared that he now accepts the *Brandenburg* decision because it is "settled law." His capitulation was all the more surprising since only two years ago, in an interview with *Conservative Digest*, Bork said his First Amendment philosophy was "expressed pretty much in that 1971 *Indiana Law Journal* piece."

Bork also wrote in his 1971 article that the "equal protection" clause of the 14th Amendment was intended to apply only to racial discrimination. He has repeatedly and recently criticized attempts to expand it to women or other groups, saying this could "trivialize the Constitution and spread it to areas it did not address."

In his testimony last week, however, Bork said the 14th Amendment should apply to women—or any individual—who might be subject to government-sanctioned discrimination that did not pass a "reasonable basis" test. But he sidestepped attempts to pin him down on what sort of discrimination might be "reasonable." Did the word cover mandatory disease testing or higher insurance rates for certain groups, based on statistical evidence? Bork cited separate toilet facilities as one example where sex discrimination was appropriate, prompting Arizona Democrat Dennis DeConcini, an undecided member, to retort, "Isn't that a bogus argument? We're not talking about unisex toilets here. We're talking about fundamental rights that women for too, too long have not been provided."

An area of sharp scrutiny was the respect Bork would give to prior decisions with which he disagreed. Under questioning from Committee Chairman Joseph Biden, Bork tried to lay to rest fears that he would seek to overturn liberal court decisions. Said he: "A judge must give great respect to precedent." In his previous writings, he has said that the court should be careful about reversing decisions when that would disrupt large bodies of established laws and practices. The cases he usually cited involved decisions relating to interstate commerce, but last week he declared this view would apply to First Amendment cases as well. Seeking to show that this professed fealty to precedence was insincere, Ted Kennedy produced a tape of a college talk that Bork gave last year in which he said, "I don't think precedent is all that important." Bork dismissed his taped remarks as part of an informal "give-and-take" session that did not fully reflect his views.

Despite Bork's gruff but courteous style and ability to turn the hearings into a legal seminar, the "confirmation conversion" issue could keep him from winning Senate approval. The three swing men—Republican Specter and Democrats DeConcini and Howell Heflin of Alabama—expressed reservations about Bork's ever-changing views. "There are those who raise the issue that your changing of your posi-



Dancing away from his iconoclastic views: Bork chats with Biden after the first day of hearings
The judge portrayed himself as a questioning thinker who had kept an open mind.

tion," Heflin told Bork, "came only at a time when a carrot was being dangled before your eyes." Replied Bork: "I can assure you that that's not the way I operate."

Bork's five days in the witness chair marked the longest interrogation any nominee has had to endure since Congress began holding Supreme Court confirmation hearings in 1939, and he handled himself with considerable grace under pressure. On Saturday, the last day of his testimony, Bork talked about how serving on the high court would be an "intellectual feast," and how he wanted to leave a "reputation as a judge who understood constitutional governance." There was one moment, however, when the strain seemed to affect him. After Senator Leahy took the judge to task for never doing *pro bono* work during his years as an attorney, Republican Gordon Humphrey retorted that Bork had given up an extremely lucrative private practice to pursue teaching and Government service. Leahy then noted that as a professor Bork had earned some \$200,000 a year in consulting fees between 1979 and 1981. "Those were the only years

I made money," said Bork. "There was a reason I made money, but I don't want to go into it here."

Leahy said he understood the reasons, but Humphrey persisted, asking Bork if his consulting work "coincided with heavy medical bills in your family." Visibly moved, Bork rested his chin in his hand and quietly replied, "Yeah." Chairman Biden quickly declared that it was time to take a break. It was in 1980 that Bork's first wife, Claire, lost a ten-year battle with cancer.

Although his time on the hot seat has ended, the hearings will continue this week with testimony from supporters and foes. "Bork will be caricatured from the left and the right," comments A.E. Dick Howard, a professor at the University of Virginia Law School. "You won't recognize him." For the Senators who still do not know what to make of Robert Bork, putting together a recognizable portrait of the judge could become even more confounding.

—By Jacob V. Lumar Jr.
Reported by Anne Constable and Hays Gorey/
Washington

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His Eyes Have Seen the Glory

Pat Robertson's "spirit-filled" crusade



Occasionally, when a wayward voter rebuffed their earnest entreaties, they dropped to their knees to pray for the misguided soul heading toward the ballot boxes in the crowded Ames, Iowa, arena. But when their candidate finally strode onto the podium with the beaming countenance of a man blessed with faith in the righteousness of his path, the campaign workers leaped off their feet in joy. Leaning forward with the mild-mannered charm of a televangelist talking to a camera, yet drawing on the rhythmic cadences of a polished preacher, the Rev. Pat Robertson delivered an ecumenical version of the message that has attracted such a fervent cadre of crusaders to his Republican presidential campaign. "Whether we're rich, whether we're poor—whether we're management, whether we're labor—whether we're black, whether we're white—whether we're educated, whether we're uneducated—*We-Are-All-Americans!*"

Robertson was on a roll last week. In the straw poll in Ames, he scored an upset that left the Iowa campaign of George Bush reeling. In Michigan, he easily won a procedural vote that solidified his lead in that state's convoluted delegate-selection process. And in Chesapeake, Va., he announced that he had collected the 3 million signatures he insisted were necessary to persuade him to run for the presidency. Having grossed \$10 million in contributions, Robertson is no longer just a fringe factor. Republicans now must ask, What does Robertson really represent?

Though Robertson professes astonishment at his victories, he is in fact neither surprised nor fazed by his success. He is a different species of candidate, a disarming striver whose supreme self-confidence rests heavily on the belief that "God has a plan for everyone." In his case, this includes running for President. Those truly amazed are conventional Republican sachems who had regarded him as no more than a colorful nuisance. They have watched his partisans in four states marry religious fervor with organizational energy to win local contests that are normally ignored. Richard Bond, deputy campaign manager for Bush, says he has found a common reaction in conversations with local party leaders around the country. "It's uncanny," says Bond. "Republicans kept insisting, 'It can't happen here'—until their doors were blasted off."

Robertson's ability to draw new, enthusiastic workers into dreary political scout work was most evident at the meeting in Ames, a fund-raising dinner that featured a straw poll for those who bought \$25 tickets and had an Iowa driver's license. The

Bush campaign, along with those of Bob Dole and Jack Kemp, went all out to pack the arena with supporters. But even before the first candidate spoke, it was obvious that Robertson's forces had pulled off a coup. Dressed in white T-shirts and hats emblazoned with their champion's name, they clearly outnumbered and outcheered their rivals.

When the 3,843 votes were counted—more than twice the turnout of eight years ago, when Bush won national notice with a surprising win—Robertson had blindsided his opponents with 34% of the votes, vs. 25% for Dole, 23% for Bush and 14% for Kemp. Although the results had only symbolic significance, Robertson's victory showed his ability to turn out loyal supporters, which is critical to success in Iowa's February caucuses. With the verbal italics he uses so effectively, Robertson later proclaimed, "The Vice President has been wounded very badly."

As with similar victories, Robertson's local organizers were able to attract Iowans who had not been politically involved. A year ago, a crude instruction sheet called the "Christian Political Action List" advised new activists to "hide your strengths" and "pretend to be interested" in general party business. Much of the missionary work was done in evangelical churches, particularly those with Pentecostal practices. Typical was Debi Nuhn, a teacher who had come 250 miles with her husband Tom and other members of the Word of Life Christian Church. Like Robertson, she said, members of her charismatic congregation were "born-again and spirit-filled." The Nuhs have become involved in politics only because of Robertson.

The Ames upset prepared the stage for Robertson's Tuesday

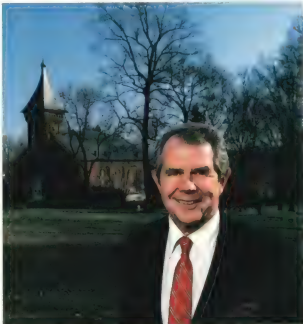
press conference announcing the success of his yearlong petition drive. Standing before a pile of what he said was 3.3 million signatures, Robertson declared, "The people are urging me to run." He will, he said. The formal announcement is scheduled for Oct. 1 in New York City.

Robertson completed his political hat trick Tuesday night in Lansing, Mich. The state's nominating process began more than a year ago with the election of some 9,000 precinct-level delegates. Though Bush and Kemp both invested much time and money, Robertson's supporters pulled off a surprise: In succeeding county-level conventions, they joined forces with some Kemp supporters to win control of the party machinery. The issue last week before the state's party central committee was whether to enlarge the pool of precinct delegates by nearly 1,200 party regulars, most of them Bush supporters. The committee decisively voted

against the Bush position, making it likely that Robertson will win the most delegates in Michigan.

Robertson's now proven ability to ambush conventional candidates still does not make him a serious contender for the nomination. Even Paul Weyrich, a conservative strategist with whom he is ideologically compatible, thinks the most Robertson can achieve is a "realistic shot at determining the outcome" by controlling a pivotal delegate bloc. Robertson runs poorly in national surveys, fifth out of six candidates in a September TIME poll.

*The Pentecostal movement, dating back some 90 years in the U.S., believes in glossolalia (speaking in tongues), faith healing and receiving direct prophecies from God. The charismatic movement, which started in the 1950s, with adherents in several Protestant denominations and among some Roman Catholics, shares these practices but in a less doctrinaire way. Robertson is a Southern Baptist and a charismatic.



Beginning the quest: the televangelist in Lexington, Va.

More significant, he has a high "negative" rating: 28% of Republicans said they had a "favorable" impression of him and 62% an "unfavorable" one. That 2-to-1 negative ratio was by far the worst of any candidate's. Dole, for example, has a 70% favorable rating, 17% unfavorable.

Robertson's negatives arise not merely because he is a clergyman with no direct political experience. Rather, Robertson has been hurt by the impression that he would not only mix church and state but also impose a cross of his special design on society.

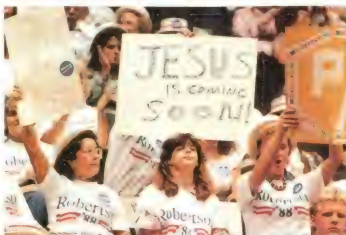
Robertson complains that the press fixates on his religious views instead of his whole record. "What we have to do," argues his communications director, Connie Snapp, "is change the focus . . . let people know the whole Pat Robertson story."

Robertson counts among his ancestors Presidents William Henry Harrison and Benjamin Harrison; his late father A. Willis Robertson served in the House and then the Senate for 34 years. Young Pat won a Phi Beta Kappa key at Washington and Lee University in his hometown of Lexington, Va., served in the Marines and earned his law degree at Yale. But he never worked as a lawyer. While living in New York City with his bride Dede, a nurse, Robertson was trying to succeed in the electronics-components business when his religious calling overtook him. By his account in *Shout It from the Houseposts*, a miracle produced a buyer of his interest in the company. This led Robertson to detour to a seminary; he was ordained in 1961.

Robertson rapidly moved toward the mystical, perceiving frequent and direct instructions from heaven. Dede, a Roman Catholic, was concerned that her husband was displaying "schizoid tendencies." Their firstborn Timothy was a toddler, and she was pregnant with the second of their four children, when Robertson felt called to a religious retreat in Canada. She begged him by letter to return: "I need you desperately." Robertson was troubled. "Was this God telling me to go home," he recalls wondering, "or was it Satan?" After prayer, he wrote to his wife. "I can't leave. God will take care of you." Tension eased when Dede later had "her own experience with the Lord."

It was God's direction, says Robertson, that steered him through negotiations to buy a defunct Virginia TV station. Starting with only \$70 in cash, he created the Christian Broadcasting Network and other enterprises, such as CBN University. By the early 1970s he was one of the most prominent entrepreneurs in the rapidly growing Christian broadcasting field. Last year CBN reported \$183 million in donations and revenues and employed some 4,000 people.

Along with success came a rapid move toward political conservatism. In his Ames speech, as elsewhere, he produced a litany of what average voters have been saying to him. "They tell me they want the ultimate downfall of Soviet tyranny everywhere, including the Soviet Union," he declares. "They want



Answering the call: Robertson activists in Iowa last week

to return to a time when husbands love their wives and wives love their husbands, a time when children can pray in school again."

These days there are no fund-raising letters with his name, like those that appeared a year ago following his victory in the Michigan precinct-level delegate elections, declaring "The Christians have won!" He emphasizes tolerance, denying vehemently a quote attributed to him that only born-again Christians and Jews should hold Government jobs. But he volunteers in an interview that non-

believers would have no place in a Robertson Administration because "I don't think that atheists have their act together."

Unlike some fellow electronic preachers who are closer to the tent-revival school of rhetoric, Robertson is a cool, sophisticated performer. His platform, *The 700 Club*, for which Robertson is no longer host, was an eclectic talk show rather than a pulpit scorched with hellfire. With his ruddy good looks, disarming sincerity and ready smile—flashed even when he is being goaded or challenged—Robertson, at 57, is almost Reagan's equal as a charmer. Bumping into a reporter he knows casually, Robertson stops for a chat. Just doing some reading, he says, and I came across that Nixon cover story you wrote in 1968. Great job: holds up well.

But Robertson can be as combative as the college wrestler he once was. That shows in his bitter libel suit against former Republican Congressman Paul McCloskey. A fellow Marine in Korea, McCloskey last year charged that Robertson had talked openly about getting his father, the Senator, to keep him out of combat. Robertson was indeed temporarily detoured to Japan before their troopship reached Korea, but he insists he neither sought nor received preferential treatment. Robertson sued for \$35 million, and the litigation is now approaching a climax.

"In all candor," Robertson told TIME last week, "I think it was a bad idea" to sue McCloskey. He is eager for a settlement, and would accept a retraction of the charge. He implies that McCloskey's defense may be financed by malign interests. "He's either crazy, or some person is paying his legal bills," says Robertson. "We don't know whether it's Arab influence—he's a very close friend of the P.L.O.—or another campaign." Why might Arabs be paying McCloskey's bills? "Because I'm so pro-Israel," Robertson says. McCloskey, now a lawyer in Palo Alto, Calif., replies, "He's crazy." His bills are being paid under a personal insurance policy, McCloskey says.

The trial, if it comes to that, would sidetrack Robertson just as he is competing in actual primaries instead of isolated organizational fights. As Campaign Manager Marc Nuttle says of the skeptics, "They're never going to believe we're serious until we start winning." Unless that species of political miracle happens, many establishment Republicans will continue to say, "It can't happen here." But with each passing week, they say it with less conviction.

—By Laurence L. Barrett/Washington



Robertson in his Marine uniform, 1950

Nation

Paper Party

Happy birthday, Constitution

Balloons flew in Washington, bright lights were on in New York, and bells rang across the U.S. But Philadelphia's rollicking celebration of the 200th anniversary of the signing of the U.S. Constitution was the centerpiece and culmination of the nation's yearlong bicentennial commemoration. While rain fell on the climactic events, it failed to dampen either the soaring spirits or the high-flying oratory.

Speaking outside Independence Hall, President Reagan hailed the completion of the Constitution as the moment "the Revolution truly began." Former Chief Justice Warren Burger, who has promoted the bicentennial since he retired from the high court in 1986, praised the charter as the "greatest work of government the world has ever seen." Then he tolled a replica of the Liberty Bell, signaling the start of 200 seconds of bell ringing throughout the U.S.

Some 250,000 spectators thronged to a parade that featured a varied assortment of marchers—Boy Scouts, gays, D.A.R.s,

right-to-lifers, peace activists, lawyers and just plain folks—necessary to any proper commemoration of the Constitution. We the People 200, the organizer of the event, even assembled 600 descendants of the Constitution's 39 signers. The offspring mingled and swapped stories at a champagne reception. Weldon Wilson, a descendant of Signer James Wilson of Pennsylvania, brought eight members of his family cross-country with him from Sherman Oaks, Calif. "It will be great," he mused, "for my granddaughters to say 80 years from now, 'I was at the 200th anniversary of the Constitution.'"



Pageantry, above, and the parade in Philadelphia; spelling it out in Washington; Burger; Manhattan's gleaming Citicorp Center; blizzard of balloons over the Capitol

Eighteen Acres of Harmony

The Richard Nixon *Sequoiadendron giganteum* became so gnarled and twisted that it choked itself to death right on the South Lawn of the White House. A sad loss, but Gardener Irvin Williams has his eye on another sequoia to replace it. Thus does the life cycle on the White House grounds go on even as in the political world. The Benjamin Harrison *Quercus coccinea* dropped a limb over the fence onto Pennsylvania Avenue the other night. Nobody was underneath, thank goodness. But be wary. A 100-year-old scarlet oak has some privileges when it suddenly wearies. Nonetheless, the trunk of that tree is still sturdy, and it will be around in one form or another many more years.

A little twister that ripped over the White House grounds this summer snapped the top off John Quincy Adams' *Ulmus americana*, and one of these years there will have to be last rites for the great elm. Full honors are due; it has been a sentinel for 161 years. An Andrew Jackson *Magnolia grandiflora* has rotted out, and not even the steel reinforcement rods may be enough to hold it in shape for many more months. When the time comes, sound taps for a 150-year veteran. But be not despairing. Its twin is still healthy and firmly rooted by the south entrance to the White House, and its branches reach up to the windows of the Reagan bedroom. Lyndon Johnson's *Quercus phellos* has leaped from 15 ft. to 50 ft. in 13 years. Just like the man who planted it, the willow oak seems determined to be bigger and better than anything else within sight. Dwight Eisenhower's *Quercus palustris* is already 75 ft. tall and shows no sign of slowing down; pin oaks are devils in competition. Jimmy Carter's youngster, *Acer rubrum*, is a red maple that is putting on two to three feet each year.

Harry Truman's *Buxus sempervirens* "Suffruticosa" is up to 10 ft. Because the White House police can no longer see over this boxwood hedge at the front entrance, it will soon be trimmed down for better security. And the *Fagus sylvatica* "Asplenifolia" trees, so lovingly planted by Lady Bird Johnson and Pat Nixon, are gorgeously full of life, even though these fern-leaf beeches are close by the press area, where the air on most days is believed to be considerably hotter than normal.

Nor has anything slowed down Herbert Hoover's *Quercus alba*, standing a proud 60 ft. In fact, the Hoover white oak has grown round, reminding visitors of the fellow who planted it 56 years ago. It makes you wonder if there is some mystic force in Irvin Williams' 18 acres where Nature imitates human nature. Williams has seen just about everything else in his 26 years of coaxing trees, flowers, grass, birds and squirrels to coexist on top of and among security alarms, underground cables and rooms. The battle is constant, but he loves it. There is Grover Cleveland's *Acer palmatum dissectum* (Japanese spiderleaf) and Franklin Roosevelt's *Tilia cordata*, the little-leaf linden. They whisper and exult in the breezes and hunker down for the storms. They make grand harmony. "No politics here," says Williams, who moves among the 66 species of trees, pruning, feeding and enticing life to its fullest.

Squirrels raid the chestnuts, chew the metal signs on the trunks, now and then attack the bark, but they are merely scolded with affection. Earlier this year a pair of mallards dropped in on the grounds and got amorous in the swimming pool. Then some wood ducks decided to raise their young ones in the crotch of a huge ginkgo (*Ginkgo biloba*) down on the South Lawn, led them to frolic in the fountain, then sent them off to the wilds with a quack or two.

Right now Williams has his eye on Ronald Reagan's *Acer saccharum*, a lush 25-ft. sugar maple that sits right out by the northwest drive so all the visitors can see it when it blazes red and yellow in the fall. Naturally it will perform on schedule. It was planted by an actor.



Master Gardener Williams in his lush workplace

Holy Schmoke!

A star debuts in Baltimore

The winning candidate flashes a tooth-paste smile and a boyish charm. He wears button-down shirts, pleated slacks and wire-rimmed glasses that suggest his Ivy League background. Clearly, Kurt Schmoke, 37, winner of the Democratic mayoral primary in Baltimore, represents a new breed of big-city black politician. He is no graduate of the clubhouse system dominated for some 30 years by William Schaefer, Baltimore's respected former white mayor, who was elected Governor of Maryland last November. Instead, Schmoke, a Rhodes scholar, is out of Yale, Harvard Law School and Oxford. Last week he defeated a black politician from the old school, Clarence ("Du") Burns, 69, who had climbed through the ranks to become city council president and Schaefer's interim replacement as mayor. Having won the primary in a city where 88% of the voters are Democrats, Schmoke next month will almost certainly become the first black to be elected mayor of Baltimore.

To some blacks he symbolizes what the Rev. Douglas Miles, a Baltimore religious leader, calls the "promise of what has historically been touted as the best of the black community—squeaky clean, intellectual and an achiever." Schmoke was a star quarterback in high school and student-body president at Yale, served as an aide to President Jimmy Carter, and was appointed an Assistant U.S. Attorney in Baltimore. Running for office for the first time in 1982, he was elected the city's state's attorney.

Surprisingly, that background did not overly impress Baltimore's white voters last week; they preferred the more folksy Burns, 64% to 36%, perhaps because he was backed by the popular Schaefer. But Schmoke won 61% of the black vote and squeaked to victory with a bare 51% of the ballots. His Republican opponent in the general election will be Samuel Ciolotta, 62, who is white.

A bit stiff on the stump but unflappable under attack and congenial close up, Schmoke is modest about his accomplishments. "From the earliest age, there have been people who recognized in me an ability to do better than I thought I could, and they pushed me," he says. Schmoke downplays racial politics, contending that a leader's role is "to try to get people to see their commonality rather than their differences." His early ideal as a black politician was Republican Edward Brooke, the former Massachusetts Senator. Schmoke's impressive start may make him a model for a generation of politicians to come.



Kurt Schmoke

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number two automakers
in America and Japan.**

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in announcing its joint venture
with Nissan to study the
joint development and production
of a competitor to Chrysler’s
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Nation

Pistol Packers

The wild West, Florida-style

Sylvia Stark, 61, had just returned to her home in southwest Miami earlier this month when she heard someone rattling the latch on the front porch. Before she could call the police, a brawny youth barreled through the screen door, grabbed her purse and dashed off to a waiting car. Two weeks later the still shaken shooting range, carefully aiming her new Smith & Wesson .38 Special at the blue silhouette of a would-be assailant. Says Stark: "The robbery made me very paranoid, and I just want to protect myself. Next time I won't be afraid to use my gun."

Stark and thousands of other Florida residents are taking advantage of a law passed in April that will allow any adult with no criminal record or history of drug or alcohol abuse to carry concealed weapons. State officials have already been flooded with 14,500 applications for concealed-weapon permits; they expect 150,000 Floridians to apply in the first year alone. The law, which takes effect Oct. 1, makes Florida one of the easiest states in the Union in which to acquire a gun; eleven other states have similar laws. Moreover, a loophole in the Florida law also enables any resident to carry a handgun without a license as long as it is in plain view.

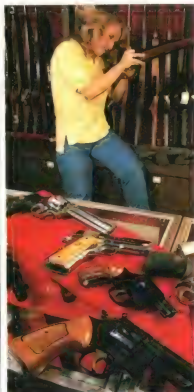
The prospect of pistol-packing hordes at shopping malls, sporting events and even Disney World has inspired a movement to tighten the loophole before it takes effect. "We want to bring Florida into the 1990s, not the 1890s," says State Attorney General Robert Butterworth, who is spearheading the effort. He has asked Governor Bob Martinez to consider an amendment to the bill during a special legislative session this week. But the Governor has decided to keep the gun bill off the agenda, and it is unlikely legislators will vote to change their handiwork during the regular legislative session in November.

Even if the troublesome loophole is eventually closed, many Floridians still fear that a boom in weapons could spell disaster in their already gun-heavy state. A recent study estimated that 60% of Florida's households contain firearms. Florida also led the states in violent crime last year, with 1,037 homicides, robberies and aggravated assaults per 100,000 residents. Critics contend that more firearms will mean even more violence. Says State Representative Michael Friedman of Miami Beach: "The message we're sending out is, 'We can't protect you anymore, so go get yourself a gun and do the best you can.'"

Many Floridians are planning to do just that. Thousands have signed up for firearms courses, a requirement for the concealed-weapon permit, and business

is brisk at shooting ranges around the state. At the Tamiami Range and Gun Shops in Miami, classes have been booked solid since early June. "I'm just afraid of all the wackos out there," says Eliseo Santana, 29, a computer repairman who is applying for the permit. Adds August Zittel, a retiree from St. Petersburg: "I don't want to become another statistic."

Police are concerned that the relaxed regulations do not set minimal competency standards for using firearms and reduce to 48 hours the maximum cooling-off period for purchasing a handgun. Stricter criteria were required in some counties under local



Business is booming at Tamiami Gun Shop

"I'm afraid of all the wackos out there."

ordinances, which the state law supersedes.

In Broward County, for example, gun-permit applicants had to pay a \$500 fee, pass an extensive police check, complete a handgun safety course, have an approved reason for carrying a gun and undergo a psychological examination. As a result, the county had only 24 outstanding licenses for concealed weapons.

Nevertheless, support for the controversial law is strong. Proponents of the bill point to states such as North Dakota and Vermont that have practically no gun restrictions and boast the lowest violent-crime rates in the U.S. Says Marion Hammer, executive director of the Unified Sportsmen of Florida: "People in this state are sick and tired of being victims of crime."

—By Cristina Garcia/Miami

Much Too Macho

The Navy is accused of sexism

The captain of a Navy salvage vessel in the Pacific is overheard offering to "sell" women crew members to Koreans. At the huge U.S. naval base at Subic Bay in the Philippines, local go-go girls strip in the sailors' clubs while prostitutes circulate among the tables, much to the dismay of U.S. servicewomen seeking relaxed meals outside the mess halls. In the adjacent bar-studded town of Olongapo, women on liberty from the Navy and Marines are "grabbed on the streets by the military men, treating them as though they were free game."

Those allegations are part of a disturbing report submitted to the Pentagon by a special committee studying the treatment of women serving in the Navy and Marines in the Pacific. After a two-week tour of naval bases in Hawaii, the Philippines and Japan, the investigators concluded that in both services "the encouragement of a macho-male image contributes to behavior that is at best inappropriate and at worst morally repugnant." Both men and women in the Navy and Marines sometimes demand sexual favors from lower-ranking servicewomen, the investigators found.

The nine-page study noted that "abusive behavior toward all women is not only passively accepted and condoned but encouraged." In the predominantly male environment, the committee reported, the servicewomen have few recreational facilities where they can avoid "being humiliated and feeling denigrated as human beings."

Stung by the charges of sexism, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger last week announced the formation of a high-level Task Force on Women in the Military, headed by Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense David Armor. "This kind of sexual harassment will not be allowed," Armor declared at a press conference. He said the Defense Department does not question what the investigators found, conceding that the policy against sexual harassment had "broken down in some instances." The task force has been ordered to recommend ways to prevent any more such incidents.

Overall, women constitute roughly 10% of the 2.1 million active-duty members of the armed forces. Women serve on about 50 Navy ships and at most U.S. bases abroad. The captain accused in the report of offering to sell women crew members commanded the noncombat vessel *Safeguard*, which had 18 women among its six officers and 84 enlisted men. A Navy spokesman claimed that the captain's "distasteful" offer was meant as a joke, but his superiors did not consider it funny. They relieved him of his command and filed other sexual-harassment charges against him.



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American Notes



Los Angeles: Michael Hagan



Restitution: Japanese arriving at a relocation camp, 1942



Detroit: "Father" Irish at crash site

LOS ANGELES

"I'll Be Back on The Streets"

"He is one of the most remorseless and dangerous individuals I have come across in 24 years of practice." So said Judge Robert Altman as he sentenced Los Angeles Gang Member Michael Hagan to the maximum of 27 years to life for the first-degree murder of 17-year-old Kellie Mosier. Hagan, 23, claims he was high on the drug PCP last year when he pumped six bullets from a rifle into the back of a girl he had never met.

"I wish they had sentenced him to death," said Irene Mosier, Kellie's mother. But Hagan was spared the death penalty: California does not allow capital punishment unless a first-degree murder involves other circumstances as well. Hagan seemed unconcerned about his sentence. "One day I'll be back on the streets," he said, "and I'm gonna be hard, hard—one mean son of a bitch ready for action."

DETROIT

Defrocking A Fraud

As bereaved relatives huddled in shock and grief at Detroit Metropolitan Airport last month after the Northwest Airlines crash that killed 156

people, the Rev. John Irish, a Roman Catholic priest, was on hand to console them. And, apparently, to con them. Last week Detroit authorities said that Irish, who was dressed in a black suit and clerical collar, was actually a veteran ambulance chaser posing as a priest to steer business to a Florida lawyer named Ronald Brimmell. Says Wayne County Sheriff Robert Ficano: "He would try to win the confidence of victims' families, and then say, 'I have this friend who is an attorney...'"

Ficano said the good father has been observed at disaster sites in at least seven other states. Although Irish has not been charged with a crime and Brimmell denies using anyone to solicit business, Detroit authorities are investigating whether the "priest" committed fraud.

INSULTS

Slime by Any Other Name

The framers of the Bill of Rights surely had loftier disputes in mind. But last week a federal judge in Denver invoked the First Amendment guarantee of free speech in ruling that calling someone a "sleaze bag" who "slimed up from the bayou" does not constitute slander. When Football Coach Darrel ("Mouse") Davis used those words to describe Sports Agent J. Harrison Hen-

derson III, he was free to express his opinion, according to Judge Jim Carrigan. The judge dismissed a suit for at least \$12 million in damages that Henderson had filed against Davis and two newspapers that printed the remark.

"Mere name-calling is not actionable as a matter of law," argued the defense attorneys. Indeed, the judge suggested, it can be refreshing. "Creativity in the art of abusive epithet has all but disappeared," he stated. "It is all too rare today to hear the clear, clean ring of a really original insult."

JUSTICE

The Long Arm Of the Law

The Jordanian airliner was sitting on the tarmac at Beirut International Airport when it was stormed by terrorists on June 11, 1985. After a 13-hour siege, the hijackers released the 70 passengers, including four Americans, and blew up the plane. Last week one of the terrorists was finally haled into court—in Washington. Fawaz Younis, 28, had been lured aboard a yacht in international waters off Cyprus, arrested by the FBI and flown to Andrews Air Force Base. If convicted on charges of hostage taking, he could face life in prison.

Younis, a Lebanese Amal militiaman, had appeared on television as a spokesman for the hijackers. He is the first

person charged under a 1984 federal hostage-taking statute that gives the U.S. jurisdiction over terrorist acts overseas involving American citizens.

RESTITUTION

The Burden Of Shame

After a somber and sometimes impassioned debate, the House of Representatives last week voted 243 to 141 to issue a formal apology to the 120,000 Japanese Americans who were forcibly sent to resettlement camps in World War II. In addition, the resolution provides \$50 million for a fund to educate the public about the detainment program and a controversial \$1.2 billion in restitution payments to the approximately 60,000 survivors of the camps.

The Senate is expected to approve a similar bill, but opponents say the U.S. cannot afford to add such a sum to the huge federal budget deficit. Supporters of the measure say the U.S. is morally indebted to the detainees. Said California Democrat Norman Mineta, whose family was sent to an internment camp in 1942: "The burden has fallen upon us to right the wrongs of 45 years ago." But Administration officials note that restitution payments were made to some Japanese Americans after the war, and predict that the President will veto the measure.

THE PHILIPPINES

Things Fall Apart

Bereft of old allies and close friends, Aquino tries to start anew

In their election campaigning against Ferdinand Marcos, Corazon Aquino and her vice-presidential running mate, Salvador Laurel, were often photographed kneeling together in prayer before church altars. Seeing the pious pair, some Filipinos quipped that the couple looked as though they were being married. Indeed, the Aquino-Laurel partnership was a political marriage, though merely one of convenience. He shared his well-greased political machine with her. She shared her enormous popularity with him. Little else.

Now they have nothing. Laurel announced last week that because he opposed many of Aquino's policies, he could not remain in his Cabinet post as Foreign Secretary, though he would retain the vice presidency. He complained bitterly of having been treated as an outcast in her government. Using the Tagalog word for the mosquito netting draped over conjugal beds, Laurel said that Aquino had kept him "outside the *kulambo*."

The Aquino-Laurel divorce was only the latest sign that the President was still struggling to get a grip on an increasingly fractious government. A week earlier she had demanded the resignation of all 26 members of her Cabinet. Now advisers who had been at her side since the beginning of her tumultuous political career were departing Malacañang Palace. Among them were the leaders of the Cabinet factions whose intramural bickering had made ruling virtually impossible: Executive Secretary Joker Arroyo, her closest confidant, and Finance Secretary Jaime Ongpin, the industrialist whose expertise had given the country's debt renegotiations a needed dose of respectability.

Meanwhile, nearly a month after the violent mutiny of Colonel Gregorio ("Gringo") Honasan and 14 of the country's 86 army battalions, disaffection with Aquino among Philippine troops continued to grow. Playing for time, the President appears to have become heavily dependent on loyal officers in the armed forces. Contributing to the rising sense of danger, the Manila press crackled with new rumors of coups and palace intrigue.

Stability was further shattered by the assassination on Saturday of Leandro Alejandro, 27, leader of Bayan, perhaps the largest legal alliance of the Philippine left. Alejandro was shot at point-blank

range by unidentified gunmen outside Bayan headquarters just two days before he was scheduled to lead an antigovernment rally. Summing up the air of unrest, Businessman Antonio Gatmaitan said, "Remember the old curse, 'May you live in interesting times'? I think this is it."

After announcing his "irrevocable" resignation as Foreign Secretary, Vice President Laurel accused Aquino of renegeing on a pre-election agreement to allow him to run the government. Aquino

had "admitted that she would be incapable of running it since she had no experience," Laurel complained. There seemed to be some basis to his claim. On the eve of the February 1986 election, a high-ranking Roman Catholic clergyman—and a prominent Aquino backer—told a visitor that since Aquino claimed to be only a "housewife," he expected her to step down a few months after the election and turn the presidency over to Laurel.

While Laurel denied he was joining

“The nation is on fire”

VICE PRESIDENT SALVADOR LAUREL



the opposition, he blasted Aquino for lacking a clear-cut policy to defeat the 23,000 guerrillas of the Communist New People's Army. He argued for an all-out offensive against the N.P.A. The government, said Laurel, must "demonstrate political will and effort to unite the military and give its needs the highest financial priority." Failure to do that, he said, had led to Honasan's uprising and threatened to provoke a more serious coup attempt. Said Laurel: "The nation is on fire. If soldiers refuse to obey, we will all be out."

Laurel had made that case to Aquino earlier in the week during an unusual meeting at Malacañang between members of the two leaders' powerful families. According to palace insiders, the President was "unmoved" by Laurel's arguments. Aquino said she accepted Laurel's resignation "sadly" and went on to defend her insurgency policy as "a combination of military offensives, respect for democratic practices and support for economic programs that will uplift our people."

Aquino parted with others in her Cabinet with greater regret. Arroyo and Presidential Counsel Teodoro Locsin, her favorite speechwriter, had been accused of

being hostile to the military and the business community. Their departure was widely hailed. Ongpin's firing was much less popular. Already nervous about a 28% drop in stock prices following Honasan's mutiny, the business community feared that Ongpin's departure would complicate negotiations over the country's \$27 billion foreign debt. Thus there was some relief when Aquino gave the finance portfolio to former Public Works Minister Vicente Jayme, an Ongpin ally and a onetime banker. To replace Arroyo as executive secretary, Aquino took his advice and appointed Catalino Macaraig, an old classmate of Arroyo's. Observers expect the friction between the Arroyo and Ongpin camps may be defused by the low-key styles of their successors. At week's end the stock index rebounded sharply, rising 115.6 points to 809.6.

The President had intended to make a single announcement of all revisions in her Cabinet. Instead, news of the cast changes dribbled out of the palace, reinforcing her reputation for vacillation. "I am not being indecisive," she felt compelled to declare. "I am doing my best to put up a team."

One group Aquino desperately wants

on her team is the military. In a gesture toward the armed forces, the President last week appointed General Manuel Yan, a respected former armed forces Chief of Staff, to succeed Laurel as Foreign Secretary. Restiveness among the military remains perhaps the greatest threat to Aquino's government. According to some foreign officials, the military command knows where Honasan is holed up but refuses to seize him, fearing that the arrest will inflame tensions in the ranks.

Honasan continued to ignore calls for his surrender. Last week he stepped up his propaganda war and demanded that Aquino capitulate instead. He gave her a 30-day limit to form a ruling council made up mainly of opposition leaders sympathetic to his cause. In a taped message, Honasan said Aquino was "not in complete control. So she should be aided by the council, which shall temporarily govern the republic."

To counter Honasan's publicity blitz, General Fidel Ramos, the armed forces Chief of Staff, began one of his own. Ramos charged that the colonel, despite his fierce anti-Communist stance, had actually shirked duty in N.P.A.-infested combat zones. He said Honasan did not have enough supplies and manpower to launch another serious attack. But even Ramos was forced to admit that Honasan's popular appeal "is a long-range time bomb planted in the heart of the military."

There is a danger that Aquino's civilian opponents may ally with factions of the armed forces in an attempt to seize power. Already Juan Ponce Enrile, the Senate minority leader and Aquino's chief rival on the right, has the tacit support of Honasan and his renegades. Property owners who oppose Aquino's land-reform proposals are said to be aligning themselves with the rebels. Vice President Laurel, says David Wurfel, a Philippines expert at Canada's University of Windsor, "appears to be running for election by the military. He wants to pose himself as the civilian protector of a military regime."

While the President has effectively sidelined other contenders for power, including Laurel and Enrile, she finds herself increasingly dependent on Ramos, the other major hero of the anti-Marcos revolution. The general, who has helped frustrate five coup attempts against the President, may have called in his debts last week. When it became clear that Aquino wanted to keep her friend Arroyo in the Cabinet—and to shunt Ramos into a less strategic post, or perhaps even an ambassadorship—the general balked. Amid a sudden rumor that loyal generals would stage a coup if Arroyo was retained, Aquino relented. "If Cory had her choice, as she used to," said a Western analyst in Manila, "she would have kept Joker on and kicked Ramos upstairs. But to her dismay, she found out she could do neither." On TV last week, she assured her people that she was "on top of the situation." But as the chaos around her deepens, Filipinos fear there may be little Aquino can do on her own.

By Howard G. Chua-Eoan

Reported by Neily Sindayen/Manila

“I am not being indecisive”

THE PRESIDENT



World

CENTRAL AMERICA

Whose Peace Plan Is It Anyway?

Arias prepares to pitch his accord to the U.S. Congress

When Democratic House Speaker Jim Wright first proposed last month that Costa Rican President Oscar Arias Sánchez be invited to address Congress, the White House responded with enthusiasm. Officials reasoned that a visit from Arias, architect of the peace plan signed last month in Guatemala City by five Central American Presidents, would demonstrate the Reagan Administration's interest in talking peace rather than making war.

Within days, however, second thoughts

led to nonlethal aid to hold the rebels through a cease-fire scheduled for Nov. 7. But Wright and other Congressmen have indicated that they hope those funds will eventually be used to resettle the rebels.

Reagan has made little effort to hide his disdain for the Guatemala peace accord, most recently charging that it "falls short of the safeguards" contained in an earlier proposal put forward by Reagan and Wright. The White House has inter-

them Nicaraguans, who had been imprisoned for rebel activity.

The Sandinistas said last week they might declare a unilateral cease-fire in the *contra* war and continued to drop hints that the opposition daily *La Prensa* might be allowed to publish soon. Managua and Washington, however, exchanged sharp words after U.S. Education Secretary William Bennett encountered anti-U.S. protesters while on a visit to the Nicaraguan capital. In El Salvador a meeting between President José Napoleón Duarte and the country's leftist guerrillas failed to occur, aborted by Duarte's demand that the rebels first lay down their arms. Yet all hope was not lost. Leaders of the guerrilla coalition met with Arias for the second time in two weeks. "We've made progress toward a dialogue," said Guillermo Ungo, one of the rebels' political leaders, after the session. "I hope we can meet with President Duarte by the end of the month."

Still, there was cause to worry that the cease-fire scheduled for Nov. 7 would not hold. Since the signing of the Guatemala accord, the five Presidents have had little direct contact. The first meeting of the group's foreign ministers ended in chaos, and the second, held last week in Managua, resulted in little progress. Already there is talk of a "one-up, one-down" outcome, meaning that the provisions of the plan may prove effective in Nicaragua but not in El Salvador, or vice versa.

As the plan's architect, Arias has much at stake. The son of a wealthy coffee-plantation owner who studied in both the U.S. and England, Arias, 46, based his presidential campaign last year on the theme "Peace with Arias." On the day of his inauguration, he told U.S. Ambassador Lewis Tams that the *contras* could no longer use a U.S.-built airstrip in northern Costa Rica, near the Nicaraguan border. When the order was ignored, Arias became more determined. A year later he unveiled a peace proposal that became the foundation for the accord adopted in Guatemala City. "Reagan believes that our plan has loopholes, and I accept that it might," Arias says. "No human work is perfect. But now the ball is in the court of the Central Americans."

That is not quite true. To some who support the Guatemala accord, Reagan's request for \$270 million in *contra* aid before the Nov. 7 cease-fire seems not so much a way to pressure the Sandinistas as a ploy to sabotage Arias' proposal. Arias remains hopeful. "I am obliged to be an optimist," he says. "I really hope that the Americans will give us the opportunity until Nov. 7 to show that we have the will to find peace in Central America." Arias will need all his considerable optimism, charm and determination to persuade the White House that a fresh infusion of funds to the *contras* is a step in the wrong direction.

—By Bill Smolow, Reported by Ricardo Chavira/Washington and John Moody/San José



Playing the Washington circuit: the President of Costa Rica earlier this year

set in. Officials feared the visit would enhance the prestige of a plan that Reagan has come to view as fatally flawed, and might call attention to the fact that Reagan has lost the diplomatic initiative to Arias. The White House pushed to have the invitation rescinded. But Wright held his ground, and this week Arias will deliver a pitch for his peace proposal in the halls of Congress.

The Central American leader can expect a warm reception. Arias commands respect as a regional peacemaker; moreover many Congressmen share his conviction that the U.S.-backed *contra* war is a misconceived strategy for prodding Nicaragua's leftist Sandinista regime toward democratic reform. Most Democrats hope that Arias' visit will further undermine the Reagan Administration's dual policy of pursuing peace while trying to secure \$270 million in new funding for the *contras*. Last week congressional leaders tentatively agreed to a stopgap provision of some \$3.5 mil-

lion in nonlethal aid to hold the rebels through a cease-fire scheduled for Nov. 7. But Wright and other Congressmen have indicated that they hope those funds will eventually be used to resettle the rebels. Reagan has made little effort to hide his disdain for the Guatemala peace accord, most recently charging that it "falls short of the safeguards" contained in an earlier proposal put forward by Reagan and Wright. The White House has inter-

preted Arias' visit as a snub. "How would the Costa Ricans like it if our President were to accept an invitation from their legislature, pretty much bypassing their executive branch?" observed an Administration official. Costa Rican officials based in Washington deny that Arias is intentionally insulting Reagan. In fact, shortly after Wright extended his invitation, the Costa Ricans suggested a meeting between Reagan and Arias. Last week White House officials finally scurried to arrange a get-together, and at week's end announced that Arias would meet with Reagan after all.

Meanwhile the peace cavalcade proceeded in fits and starts. *Contra* leaders gathered in Guatemala City to examine their own future. In an unexpected gesture of goodwill, they released 80 Sandinista prisoners of war at an airfield in Costa Rica, 30 miles from the Nicaraguan border. Several days earlier, Nicaraguan President Daniel Ortega Saavedra pardoned 16 Central Americans, none of

A Breath of Fresh Air

Delegates of 24 nations sign a historic pact on ozone

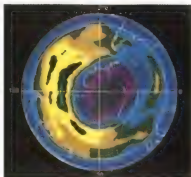
To paraphrase that famous remark about the weather, everyone talks about the ozone layer, but no one does anything about it. Though evidence has mounted that man-made compounds called chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs) are destroying the screen of ozone-enriched air that helps shield the earth from the sun's dangerous radiation, the world's nations have been slow to develop a consensus on how to cope with the problem.

Last week the world, or at least a part of it, finally did something. At a conference in Montreal sponsored by the United Nations Environment Program, 24 countries signed a milestone accord that promised to halve production and use of ozone-destroying chemicals by 1999. "There has never been an agreement like this on a global scale," exulted Winfried Lang of Austria, chairman of the conference. Said Lee Thomas, administrator of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency: "The signing shows an unprecedented degree of cooperation among nations of the world in balancing economic development and environmental protection."

The Montreal Protocol is aimed at reducing CFCs, which are used as coolants in refrigerators and air conditioners and are an important ingredient in aerosols and plastic foams. The pact would limit the use of an ozone-destroying group of fire-suppressant chemicals called halons, which some scientists believe cause as much as 20 times the damage of CFCs. Scientists estimate that overall as much as 7% of the ozone belt, which stretches six to 30 miles above the earth, has already been destroyed. Moreover, researchers have found evidence of "holes" in the shield, including one above Antarctica that approaches the size of the continental U.S. As the world's ozone layer deteriorates, the sun's radiation could lead to a dramatic increase in skin cancer and cataracts, along with a lowered resistance to infection. It could damage plant life, both directly and as a result of a general warming trend; that warming could lead to a disastrous rise in sea levels.

Among the protocol's signers are the U.S., Canada, Japan and the twelve-nation European Community; the U.S. and the E.C. annually produce about three-fourths of the world's 1 million tons of CFCs. The only major producer of CFCs that has not yet endorsed the treaty is the Soviet Union, whose representatives said the document would have to be studied in Moscow first. However, Vladimir Zakharov, the chief Soviet delegate, predicted his country would eventually approve the pact.

The Montreal negotiations, which capped nearly five years of talks, lasted nine days and involved some 150 scientists, environmentalists and industry representatives. The protocol allows develop-



Satellite picture of the Antarctic "hole"
The dark center ring marks the spot.

ing countries to increase CFC use for ten years, in the interest of making more available to them items like refrigerators. It permits the Soviet Union, which plans its economy in five-year cycles, to go ahead with production scheduled through 1990. Thus the amount of the chemicals produced worldwide will actually grow by as much as 15% in the coming decade, cutting the real decrease by 1999 to just 35%.

The agreement will take effect only after each of the signatory countries has ratified it and developed respective laws and sanctions, according to Mostafa Tolba, executive director of the U.N. group; he expects that process to take about a year. Even if the pact fulfills its goal, Tolba estimates, the world's ozone will diminish by at least 2% more during the next century. That is not a minor affair: every 1% depletion is believed to result in a 6% increase in skin cancers. Moreover, major potential

users of CFCs, like India, may prove reluctant to cooperate with the accord, lest it handicap their development.

The costs of the treaty could prove considerable. CFCs have become popular because they are generally safe to apply and relatively cheap to produce. But Joseph Steed, environmental manager for Du Pont, whose annual production of CFCs (under the brand name Freon) is valued at \$600 million, warns that adoption of the protocol will mean a lengthy and expensive search for alternatives and that the costs will be passed on to consumers.

Nonetheless, most of those present at Montreal praised the agreement. The treaty has inspired Canadian officials to renew their campaign to reach an accord with the U.S. on another environmental danger: acid rain and snow that result from the sulfurous emissions of coal-fired power plants. The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency acknowledges that half the acid rain that falls on eastern Canada originates south of the U.S.-Canada border. "The Americans can agree on target dates and objectives in reducing ozone-destroying chemicals," observed Clifford Lincoln, Quebec Environment Minister. "Why not do the same with acid rain?"

The charge drew a sharp rebuttal from the EPA's Lee Thomas, who cited a 25% reduction in offending emissions over the past decade, despite rising U.S. coal consumption. As if to bolster the defense, a Reagan Administration group formed in 1980 to study the problem asserted the next day in an interim report that there was little evidence of environmental damage from acid rain and "no demonstrated effects" on human health. That assertion, retorted Canada's Environment Minister, Tom McMillan, was nothing other than "bad science and bad policy."

—By Glenn Gervik.

Reported by Peter Stoler/Ottawa and Nancy Traver/Montreal



Soviet beachgoers in Yalta: making the world safe again for sunbathers

THE FASTEST SA



AB EVER BUILT.



A TAKEOFF ON SAAB EV



The comparison between the vehicle you see here and the one on the preceding page is intended to be neither poetic nor symbolic.

It is a simple statement of fact.

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automotive, heavy vehicle and electronics group known as Saab-Scania.

Thus, it should come as no surprise that the exceptionally comfortable, yet supportive driver's seat, and the supremely logical placement of the 9000's controls can be traced to ergonomic studies conducted not just

for automobile drivers, but for heavy equipment operators and pilots.

From still another Saab-Scania division comes the 16-valve cylinder head and turbocharger technology that enables the 9000 Turbo to accelerate from 0-60 in 7.6 seconds.

The source of the ground lift and

©1987, by Saab-Scania of America, Inc. *The Saab 900 Series ranges from \$14,983 for the 300 3-door to \$29,740 for the 900 Turbo Convertible. The 9000 Series ranges from \$19,999 to \$34,999. Prices subject to change.

THE FASTEST ER BUILT.



drag-reducing aerodynamics of both the 9000S and the 9000 Turbo is obvious. But much of their electronic sophistication comes from Saab-Scania's advanced products division, Combitech.

All of which might lead you to wonder if there are any purely auto-

motive engineers at Saab. But considering that the 9000's interior so maximizes space it's the only import aside from the Rolls-Royce Silver Spur Limousine that the E.P.A. rates as a "large" car, one has to assume there are. So, to all those looking for an automobile that transcends the

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\$23,337 for the 9000S to \$28,141 for the 9000 Turbo. The \$20 million Viggen is not for sale. Mfr's. sugg. retail prices.

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YUGOSLAVIA

All the Party Chief's Men

As the economy sinks, "Agrogate" topples a high official

For more than a month, newspapers in Yugoslavia have been dribbling out the details of the country's biggest financial scandal since World War II. The scam centers on Agrokomerc, a giant food-processing firm that issued up to \$400 million in worthless promissory notes to 63 Yugoslav banks. So far eight people, including the firm's president, have been arrested. The scandal, dubbed "Agrogate" by the local press, took a dramatic turn last week. As allegations mounted that he and his family were implicated, Hamdija Pozderac, 63, Yugoslavia's Vice President, abruptly resigned. He had been scheduled to begin a one-year term next May as the country's President.

Pozderac's resignation was swiftly followed by that of Metod Rotar, president of the Ljubljanska Banka, a state-run bank that had bought large quantities of Agrokomerc's promissory notes. Yugoslav officials hinted that still more resignations, and possibly more arrests, were to come. Despite some rumors to the contrary, there was no evidence that the government, which is run by Prime Minister Branko Mikulić, 59, was in danger of falling. But Yugoslav economists estimate that in 1986 alone thousands of enterprises besides Agrokomerc issued unbacked promissory notes and other flimsy financial instruments amounting to more than \$9 billion. If they were all written off—an unlikely prospect—the enterprises and their creditors would go bankrupt, and the entire economy would collapse.

The scandal spotlighted the problems facing the country's economy, a chaotic system of decentralized enterprises and Communist central planning. Inflation is raging at an annual rate of 120%, unemployment stands at 14% and foreign debt has hit \$20 billion. In July, Yugoslavia failed to make \$419 million in payments owed to Western lenders. Angered by relentlessly declining living standards, more than 120,000 workers have mounted a total of 900 strikes since February. In an unusually frank interview after the scandal surfaced, Prime Minister Mikulić conceded, "We do not have a proper financial system, and our legal system doesn't function."

Agrokomerc, like most industrial enterprises in Yugoslavia, was in effect the personal fiefdom of the local Communist Party chief. In this case the boss was Fikret Abdić, 48, one of the most influential figures in the northwestern republic of Bosnia-Herzegovina, and the firm's chief executive since 1967. Stout and

graying, Abdić ruled Agrokomerc in imperial style, often issuing directives from a villa on the Adriatic coast, to which he commuted, attended by secretaries and bodyguards, in a customized bus.

Under the hard-driving Abdić, Agrokomerc grew from a tiny milk-processing plant to a conglomerate with 13,500 employees, 1985 sales of \$183 million, and products ranging from chicken parts to frozen dough. The rapid expansion transformed the firm's hometown, Velika Kladuša, from an impoverished peasant village to a prosperous community of

whitewashed brick homes. But it turned out that Abdić had financed much of the expansion through a type of fraud that has become common in Yugoslavia's byzantine financial system.

The key to the swindle was the power that local Communist chiefs have over regional banks. According to Yugoslav press accounts, Abdić pressured the local branch of Privredna Banka, the Bosnian central bank, into providing guarantees for a steady flow of unsecured promissory notes issued by Agrokomerc. The guarantees made it possible for Agrokomerc to sell the notes for cash to other banks. Abdić plowed the proceeds into his ambitious development plans for the company and lavish community projects for Velika Kladuša, including an Olympic-size swimming pool.

The fraud began to unravel last January when, following a warehouse fire, police discovered falsified bank orders in Agrokomerc's records. Newspapers, relying on government leaks, began running stories on the scandal in August. Earlier this month the entire governing boards of both Agrokomerc and the Privredna Banka branch were fired, while Abdić and seven others were jailed on charges of "counterrevolutionary activities." Following demands for a purge of the Bosnian hierarchy from Communist leaders in Belgrade, the capital, 50 functionaries were expelled from the republic's party organization.

Though the scandal has shaken public confidence in its banks, some of Yugoslavia's 23 million citizens have found reason to cheer. They say that the country's cumbersome rotating leadership, which has ruled since the death of Dictator Josip Broz Tito in 1980, may now have the opportunity to push through needed reforms. On the reformers' list are such measures as liquidation of money-losing state companies, closer supervision of regional banks by central authorities, and curbs on the ability of regional governments to veto national legislation. Moreover, the Yugoslav press played an unusually aggressive role in uncovering the fraud, and optimists hope that the high-level resignations and arrests indicate that the days of official cover-ups are ending.

"These kinds of things went on in the past and no one wrote about them," said Alexander Zigić, 23, a Belgrade University student who works on a popular youth radio program. "This is a new openness and accountability. It is a kind of democratization." The question is whether it is coming too late. Said a Western diplomat in Belgrade: "This is perhaps Yugoslavia's last chance to get its economic house in order. If it doesn't, things will get worse and worse and worse."

—By Kenneth H. Banks/
Belgrade



Objects of press scrutiny: Vice President Pozderac, top, and Agrokomerc Boss Abdić

CHINA

Princes of Privilege

The ancient art of nepotism flourishes, and so do complaints

When Li Shuchang became a Communist Party chief in the northeastern town of Yingkou, his family quickly prospered. Li named a son to be deputy director of the local industry and commerce bureau. Li's son-in-law became deputy secretary of the Communist Youth League, and his daughter rose from typist to police-department junior official. But when more than a dozen cousins and other clan members also gained influential posts, outraged city leaders acted. They sacked Li last month, suspended his party membership, and warned all local party members to take heed of his example.

Li's fall reflects the latest Chinese attack on the ancient bureaucratic practice of dispensing jobs and favors to friends and family members. After flourishing for centuries of imperial rule, nepotism still thrives under avowedly classless Communism. Known as *taizi pai*, or the princes' faction, the children of leaders attend the best schools, get the best jobs and are allowed to travel abroad. "They are always one step ahead of the pack," complains a Peking University graduate student. The privileged range from Vice Premier Li Peng, 59, the adopted son of the late Premier Chou En-lai, to junior officials throughout the country.

Such advantages for the few have stirred outrage among the many. Leaders from Mao Tse-tung to Deng Xiaoping have decried nepotism and launched campaigns to end it. When student protesters called for democratic reforms last winter, they made equal opportunity a key demand. Scandalized party elders

complain that in recent years some *taizi pai* members have committed crimes, including murder, and then used their influence to escape punishment. Last spring veteran Army Marshal Nie Rongzhen warned in a widely discussed public letter of "public indignation" over these unfair



practices. "Those who were unsuitably promoted should be either demoted or fired," he declared. "Those who committed outrages should be either jailed or executed. We should show no mercy."

Nepotism looms especially large as China prepares to name a new generation of leaders. Those moving up on the fast track include Li Tieying, 50, a likely Politburo member whose father was a Communist Party founder, and Ye Xuanping, 62, the governor of Guangdong province and son of the late Marshal Ye Jinying. Their defenders argue that such leaders should not be barred from advancement merely because they happen to be well connected. "An unqualified person should

not be appointed simply because his father is a high official," says Tianjin Mayor Li Ruihuan. "Nor should one be denied promotion simply because his father is a high official."

The issue will come to a head next month when the 13th Communist Party Congress meets to select the country's top leaders. In secret ballots last month, grass-roots party members reportedly rejected several prominent *taizi pai* as delegates. Among them: Chen Yuan, the son of Politburo Member Chen Yun and a member of the standing committee of the Peking Municipal Party, and Chen Haosu, Vice Minister of Radio, Film and Television and son of the late Marshal Chen Yi. Yet neither is finished in politics. Insiders expect Chen Yuan to be named Deputy Party Secretary in Peking, while Chen Haosu is likely to be elected to the Central Committee at the upcoming Congress. "They don't have to be party delegates to move on," says a Peking intellectual. "It all depends on what the old men say."

The elders will have much to discuss when the 13th Congress convenes. Paramount Leader Deng is expected to relinquish two of his three top posts, including chairmanship of the Central Advisory Commission, a council of party senior statesmen. Deng, 83, will keep full control of the army and remain China's top leader. Premier Zhao Ziyang, 68, is to be installed as party General Secretary, a post he has been filling on an acting basis. Zhao, however, will have to give up the premiership. Vice Premier Li Peng is favored to succeed him. While it would not confirm the changes, China's official Xinhua news agency noted that the average age of China's leaders will be "reduced considerably" by the Congress. The princes' faction will undoubtedly be part of that youth movement. —By John Greenwald.

Reported by Jaime A. FlorCruz/Peking

INDIA

Fire and Faith

Out of immolation, a goddess

The ancient Hindu rite of suttee, requiring a woman to immolate herself on the funeral pyre of her husband, was abolished in British India in 1829. But early this month, when her young husband died suddenly of gastroenteritis, Roop Kanwar, 18, a bride of just eight months, declared her intention to revive the grim custom. By that afternoon thousands of people had gathered to witness her immolation. After taking a ritual bath, the woman dressed once more in her bright red bridal finery. Sitting atop the funeral pyre with her husband's corpse, his head on her lap, she asked her teenage

brother-in-law to light the fire. Within moments, as the crowd's cries reached a climax, she was consumed by flames.

The Indian press and public reacted in horror. Said the national daily *Indian Express*: "A barbarous and primitive act." Women's groups protested, and the Rajasthan high court banned further ceremonies at the site. But to some people, Kanwar had become a goddess. Pilgrims thronged to the village of Deorala, 47 miles northeast of Jaipur, to pay homage. Last week hundreds of thousands of people converged on the site for ceremonies marking the end of the 13-day mourning period. The pyre, which had been kept smoldering with ghee (clarified butter) and coconuts, was decorated with a flower-bedecked silk canopy. Kanwar's four brothers spread a stole embroidered with gold thread over the pyre. As Brahman priests chanted

mantras, the stole was burned. The pyre was then extinguished with holy water from the Ganges and milk.

Despite the high-court ban on the ceremony, police, fearful of provoking a riot, did not interfere. They did, however, arrest Pushpendra Singh, the youth who lit the pyre, and four other in-laws, charging them with murder. The maximum penalty: life in prison. Authorities were investigating whether the bride's in-laws, who by tradition would have been required to care for her the rest of her life, had pressured her into the act. Kanwar's father, saying he believed that she acted under "divine orders," took consolation from the fact that his daughter had become a devi (goddess). A shrine commemorating the widow will be built at the suttee site. More than \$160,000 has already been contributed by devotees. ■

World Notes



France: Jean-Marie Le Pen



New Caledonia: no independence



Disasters: a look back at the carnage of Bhopal

FRANCE

Trivializing the Holocaust

Jean-Marie Le Pen, 59, thrives on controversy. As leader of the far-right National Front, he has won a small but loyal following by advocating such policies as the repatriation of recent immigrants from North Africa and the virtual imprisonment of AIDS victims in special hospitals. But none of those positions has drawn as much opposition as one he took last week. Appearing on a radio panel show, Le Pen was asked about Nazi extermination chambers in the Holocaust. "The gas chambers," he replied, "are a detail in the history of World War II."

The remark provoked a storm of condemnation. Former Socialist Premier Laurent Fabius called the National Front leader "quite simply a fascist." Le Pen, who has declared himself a candidate in next year's presidential elections, claimed that his reply had been "abusively interpreted" and blamed the furor on "the pro-immigrant lobby."

NEW CALEDONIA

Uneasy in the Islands

After 134 years of French rule, the native Melanesians of New Caledonia, who are known as

Kanaks, have become a minority in their own land. Non-Melanesians, mostly French settlers and their descendants, now make up 57% of the population. Kanak activists have begun fighting for independence, sometimes clashing violently with police and settlers.

In an attempt to settle the matter, the French last week held a referendum on independence in the islands. The result: 48,611 vs. 842 in favor of remaining a French territory. But Kanaks argued that the tally was not conclusive. As a result of a boycott organized by the Kanak Socialist National Liberation Front, less than 20% of all eligible Kanak voters cast ballots. Said Jean-Marie Tjibaou, president of the Kanak front: "The referendum in no way changes the situation."

LEBANON

Headlines He Did Not Want

Rumormongering, a major industry in Beirut, brought worldwide fame last November to Hassan Sabra, 44, editor of *ash-Shiraa*, when his weekly exposed the secret sale of U.S. arms to Iran. Last week the journalist fell victim to another of the Lebanese capital's employment specialties, terrorism.

Riding in the back of his limousine, Sabra was attacked by two gunmen on a motorcy-

cle. One of them fired three pistol shots through a window of the car, wounding Sabra in the face and neck. The would-be assassins escaped, and their identities are unknown. But in the days after the assault on Sabra, who is a strong supporter of Syrian influence in his country, three other prominent Lebanese allied with Damascus were the objects of bombing or shooting attacks.

VIET NAM

Farewell, Graduates

After overrunning South Viet Nam in 1975, the victorious Communist regime in the North assigned more than 100,000 vanquished southerners to indefinite sentences in "re-education" camps. Last week officials in Hanoi announced a sweeping amnesty for 6,685 inmates of the camps and other prisons, including 480 military and civilian officials of the former U.S.-backed Saigon government. The mass pardon was one of the largest since the end of the Viet Nam War.

Though estimates vary, at least 7,000 political prisoners are believed to remain in the camps, where they are subjected to a tedious regimen of political indoctrination. Those prisoners, said Radio Hanoi, "are still in the camps because they stubbornly refuse to change their ways."

DISASTERS

The Burned And the Buried

Nearly three years after that deadly night when a toxic cloud leaked from a Union Carbide pesticide plant in Bhopal, India, causing history's biggest industrial accident, a new book alleges that the tragedy may have been even more gruesome than assumed. The Indian government has said 2,700 people died at Bhopal. But in *A Killing Wind* (McGraw-Hill; 297 pages; \$19.95), author Dan Kurzman asserts that the death toll was at least 8,000. He speculates that Indian officials understated the figures in part to "keep the political shock waves under control."

Basing his estimate on interviews and private records, Kurzman writes that in the immediate aftermath of the disaster, 3,000 victims were cremated in conformance with Hindu custom, and 3,000 were buried according to Muslim rites. He also cites accounts that an additional 2,000 victims fled Bhopal and died elsewhere. Similar and even wilder versions of the disaster's toll have previously circulated in India. But compensation claims for deaths caused by the accident remain well below 3,000. Indian officials last week disputed Kurzman's finding. Said one: "The figure we announced was based on solid investigations, and cannot be wrong."

Sport

Newly at a Loss for Worlds

Physically and spiritually, American athletes are in a slump

In the throes of an international losing streak, U.S. athletes might glance around now and concede that while they are still among the good players, they are no longer the champions of the world. Even in intramural sports, Americans like to claim global title, though the baseball World Series has had a slightly tinny sound elsewhere and must positively clank in Cuba. At a true World Series in Pennsylvania last month, the Taiwanese Little Leaguers beat the home team as usual, but this time the score was 21-1.

As the Czech Ivan Lendl defeated the Swede Mats Wilander last week in the U.S. Open, the grand-slam tennis season closed without an American-born champion of any gender for the first time in 18 years. Excluding the aging Chris Evert, 32, no American-born woman active today has ever won Wimbledon, the U.S. Open, the French Open or the Australian Open. In terms of the Davis Cup, the U.S. (a recent loser to Paraguay) has been reclassified a minor-league country, a zonal qualifier.

Wondering if they are attracting the best U.S. athletes, tennis people are given to imagining basketball players like Magic Johnson and Michael Jordan across the net from West Germany's Boris Becker. But this comfortable fantasy may have lost something since Brazil trimmed David Robinson, Danny Manning and the rest of America's college elite in the Pan Am Games. Some cry, "Whence cometh the next John McEnroe?" But others are pleased to remember that, if only by the accident of his father's army station, he cometh from Germany. McEnroe broke his old record for ugly behavior at the Open, earning \$17,500 in fines and a two-month suspension. Shortly after, Czechoslovakia's Hana Mandlikova had a minor Mac attack worth \$500. Asked what language Mandlikova chose to curse in, British Supervisor of Women Georgina Clark expressed more than the truth when she replied, "American."

The Washington Post has detected a feeling in Canada that Sprinter Ben Johnson's recent world-record triumph over Carl Lewis in the 100-meter dash ran deeper than a foot race. Some Canadians see national reflections in the downtrodden stammerer Johnson and the Ameri-

can peacock he dusted at the World Games in Rome. "Lewis was pretty and polished in his U.S. national colors," reported the Toronto *Globe and Mail*. "Johnson was plainly attired in his baggy suit." Anyway, the World's Fastest Human is now a Jamaican Canadian.



Czech Lendl cements his hold on the U.S. Open
Across the board, the tables are turning.

This week the U.S. will try to regain the Ryder Cup it lost two years ago at the Belfry Club in England to Spain's Seve Ballesteros and Germany's Bernhard Langer, the foremost golfers in the world. This time Captain Jack Nicklaus is optimistic about the Yanks' chances. Australian Greg Norman is neutral, and the site, Nicklaus' own Muirfield Village course in Ohio, is particularly unfamiliar to the foreign players. The annual Memorial Tournament there regularly conflicts with the British P.G.A.

Time was, the U.S. would have been a cinch on any course in the world. At Royal Birkdale in 1969, England's Tony Jacklin, this year's defending captain, had a short but missable putt on the 18th hole for a final tie so implausible that in a hall-mark of sportsmanship, Nicklaus gave it to him. "After years of Britain's never winning," Nicklaus recalls, "the spirit of the match, international goodwill, was all that really mattered."

This is the attitude of Bill Toomey, the Olympic decathlon champion of 1968, a former World's Greatest Athlete in that long American line from Jim Thorpe to Bruce Jenner, through Bob Mathias and Rafer Johnson. But "now the decathlon is virtually made in Europe," he says. "I keep hoping there is somebody out there who could at least compete with Daley Thompson." Toomey is not inconsolable though. He knows that track, in particular, has been a missionary sport, and that many foreign stars have American universities in their backgrounds.

"In the old days," he says, "the Russians took pictures of us in track and field. Then all of a sudden we were filming [High Jumper] Valery Brumel. That's the way it works. You share with each other because competition is the name of the game. Tables will always turn, but in the long run it makes us all better." In the Peace Corps and for the State Department, Toomey has passed his knowledge along to 69 countries.

Similarly, Pete Newell could smile at Brazil's great basketball moment last month. In 1960 Newell coached Oscar Robertson and Jerry West to the Olympic gold medal by an average of more than 40 points a game. "What's the fun in that?" he asks. Along with other coaching ambassadors, he began traveling the world and spreading the gospel. "Now there are good basketball players in Japan, the Philippines, Turkey, Israel, Lebanon [a Beirut pivotman carried Syracuse

to the last N.C.A.A. final], all over Western and Eastern Europe, Africa, almost everywhere. We're not going backward; they're just coming forward. I don't think that's so bad."

The coming force in the N.B.A. is a Nigerian, Houston Rocket Akeem Olajuwon (whose countryman Christian Okoye, incidentally, gained 105 yds. last week in his pro-football debut with the Kansas City Chiefs). Newell says, "I asked Akeem recently about his wonderful footwork. He replied, 'I played much soccer.' The foreign athletes' background in soccer may be a tremendous asset. They have an ambidexterity with their feet. I think if I were still coaching basketball, I'd have my team play soccer."

Has shunning the world's most popular game ended up costing the Americans in everything else? If so, only one thing could be more ironic. A Toronto-Montreal World Series.

—By Tom Callahan



Nigerian Okoye debuts

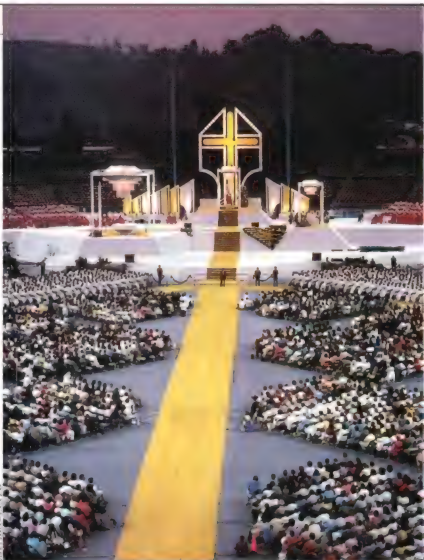
Religion

John Paul Draws The Line

*Practice what Rome
preaches, the Pope says*

The morning was balmy, a refreshing California contrast to the withering heat at earlier stops across the Sunbelt. Entering a modern, glass-walled dining hall in the San Fernando Mission complex in north Los Angeles, Pope John Paul II stopped frequently as he worked his way through a gathering of 320 American Roman Catholic bishops. It was an exceptionally cordial encounter, and the Pope lingered an unscheduled 45 minutes to continue the informal exchanges before a closed-door session began. Again, after the meeting, the atmosphere was relaxed and genial at an outdoor buffet lunch at small tables under white umbrellas. But in between, during the three-hour working session—the central event of the Pope's ten-day U.S. visit—the unflinching fraternal harmony could not conceal an extraordinary, sharply drawn divergence.

Never before during his reign has John Paul heard a more candid, widely publicized presentation on church discord from a group of bishops. And never before had U.S. Catholics—priests and laity alike—been told so plainly by the Pontiff that they should not consider themselves good Catholics unless they accept all of the church's teachings. "Dissent from church doctrine remains what it is: dissent," he declared. "As such it may not be proposed or received on an equal footing with the church's authentic teaching."

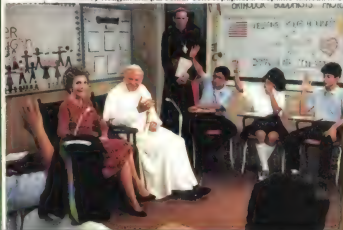


Celebrating Mass at Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles: as always, the crowds were moved

As he left the U.S. last Saturday and flew back to Rome after a one-day visit to northern Canada, the Pope could count both achievements and disappointments. The crowds, as always, had been moved, almost visibly uplifted, by his appearances. Still, the numbers along his motorcade routes were often surprisingly small.

thinned perhaps by fears of the crush and heavy security, or the it's-on-TV-anyway mentality, even on his visit to Detroit, only 30,000 turned out in the largely Polish community of Hamtramck. The Pontiff had made special contact for the first time with varied groups of U.S. Catholics—Hispanics, American Indians, AIDS

With Nancy Reagan and parochial-school pupils: a Hispanic tableau in San Antonio: at his best departing from the script





AP/WIDEWORLD

course—usually serious, often sentimental, occasionally silly. One of John Paul's most eloquent sermons was delivered to a glittering gathering of 1,500 executives and entertainers (Charlton Heston, Bob Hope, Loretta Young) in Los Angeles, summoning them to lift the moral tone of their media. "Seeking to satisfy the dreams of millions," he cautioned, "you can become lost in a world of fantasy." In downtown Detroit, he challenged an affluent nation: "You may choose to close in on yourselves, to enjoy the fruits of your own form of progress and to try to forget about the rest of the world. Or... you may choose to live up to the responsibilities that your own history and accomplishments place on your shoulders."

In heavily Hispanic San Antonio, the Pontiff praised the "great courage and generosity" of Catholics who aid refugees from Latin America. Press confusion about his meaning led to a spokesman's clarification: the Pope was not endorsing the arguably illegal "sanctuary" offered in some parishes to undocumented aliens. At an especially colorful rally in Phoenix with 10,000 Native Americans, the Pope was blessed with an eagle feather by a medicine man. And for a Mass in Phoenix, the Arizona State University stadium was redecorated, overfastidiously, to conceal images of the school mascot, the Sun Devil.



AP/WIDEWORLD

San Francisco protesters; small talk at the bishops' meeting: "Dissent... remains... dissent"

sufferers—but his delivery was often wooden (English is not easy for him), and he was best on the few occasions when he could depart from ceremonial mechanics.

"In every city the Pope has hit a home run—with the bases loaded," beamed Houston's Bishop Joseph Fiorenza. But that seemed a pardonable exaggeration.

By no reckoning had John Paul taken America with the same wave of enthusiasm that his 1979 tour generated. Possibly, however, the relative calm of this visit suited John Paul, for nothing he did distracted from the strong message of papal authority he sought to deliver.

There were memorable moments, of

Protesters, even in San Francisco, were less numerous and raucous than planners had feared. In the tour's largest demonstration, at the city's Mission Dolores basilica, 2,000 angry homosexual and other activists chanted, "Go home, Pope!" Inside, John Paul offered words of consolation to those with AIDS. "God loves you all, without distinction, without limit," he stated. The Pope then moved through a congregation that included 62 AIDS patients, two of them priests. The Holy Father reached out to several sufferers, holding with special tenderness a 4-year-old boy who had received a contaminated blood transfusion. The Pope's feeling for the less fortunate also showed at a Los Angeles rally where John Paul was moved by Tony Melendez, a 25-year-old musician born without arms who played a twelve-string guitar with his toes. "Tony, Tony..." said the emotional Pon-

Personal encounters: with armless guitarist in Los Angeles, medicine man in Phoenix, young AIDS patient in San Francisco



Religion

tiff, who left his seat to hug the young man; tears sprang to almost every eye in the crowd. Children, as they frequently do, stirred John Paul's heart and self-deprecating humor. "I speak too much," he joshed after rambling on during a session with Los Angeles grade school students as Nancy Reagan sat by his side.

That moment came only hours after John Paul's meeting with the bishops at the lovely San Fernando Mission, built in 1797. No longer a regular parish, it is used for special occasions and is known as a "chapel of ease." The name was not exactly an apt one for the setting of the Pope's climactic encounter. John Paul sat at an antique writing desk, listening to four archbishops who spoke on behalf of

San Francisco Archbishop John Quinn's general observations about troublesome moral issues, notably birth control, homosexuality and abortion. The Pope unleashed a vigorous defense of the Magisterium (the church's teaching authority), firmly rejecting the pick-and-choose approach toward church doctrine among many lay U.S. Catholics. "It is sometimes claimed," intoned the Holy Father, "that dissent from the Magisterium is totally compatible with being a 'good Catholic' and poses no obstacle to the reception of the sacraments. This is a grave error that challenges the teaching office of the bishops of the United States and elsewhere."

The Pope directed the U.S. hierarchy to "address this situation courageously."



The Pontiff at the Golden Gate Bridge: Will he ever repeat such a tour?

their fellow prelates. He responded to each speaker in what was largely a carefully orchestrated event.

The opening address was given by Chicago's Joseph Cardinal Bernardin, leader of a majority in the national bishops' conference that favors allowing some leeway for Catholics who disagree with official policies. Bernardin emphasized the need to "constantly reaffirm" the centrality of the papacy, but also tried to explain the free-spirited ways of Americans. They "want to know the reasons why certain decisions are made, and they feel free to criticize if they do not agree or are not satisfied with the explanations," said the Cardinal. Many Americans "almost instinctively react negatively when they are told that they must do something."

John Paul, who had received advance texts from the four archbishops last summer, responded to Bernardin merely with a reaffirmation of the church's traditional hierarchical structure. But his words took on an electric intensity when he answered

He seemed to indicate that bishops and priests should re-emphasize that Catholics should not receive Communion if they do not obey the church's moral demands. (In a speech two days later, John Paul specifically applied this requirement to parishioners who remarry after divorce.)

Without mentioning names, John Paul continued his tough tone by taking direct aim at liberal moral theologians like Father Charles Curran, who is fighting his ouster from the Catholic University of America. Theologians, the Pontiff said, must be subject to church authority, and bishops should make clear that "dissent and confrontation" are not acceptable from church scholars. John Paul also urged the prelates to step up efforts to "safeguard and promote" doctrinal orthodoxy at church-affiliated colleges.

Archbishop Rembert Weakland of Milwaukee, after boldly describing the counterproductive dangers of an "authoritarian style," made a forthright appeal for women to become "equal part-

ners" within the church. "There are no words to explain so much pain on the part of so many competent women today who feel they are second-class citizens in a church they love. That pain turns easily to anger," he warned, as many come to resent "male superiority and dominance."

The Pope offered no substantive response on women, only endorsing their "equal human dignity." Turning to a topic Weakland had not even mentioned, John Paul urged the bishops to oppose artificial birth control more actively and promote natural methods approved by the church. After the final speaker, Cincinnati's Archbishop Daniel Pilarczyk, discussed the growing shortage of priests and nuns, the Pope stressed that seminarians must be grounded in traditional teaching.

At a subsequent press conference, Pilarczyk remarked that the Pope's words did not mean the bishops are "supposed to go home and raise general Cain." Rather, in his view, John Paul was simply telling them, "You guys have a tough job. Please hang in there." Most other bishops emphasized the friendly, nonconfrontational atmosphere at the San Fernando meeting. But in their comments they pointedly left for another day how they would apply the Pope's stern admonitions. As he completed his second tour of the U.S., there was speculation that John Paul, now 67, would never again attempt so strenuous and grand a crosscontinental visit of the U.S.

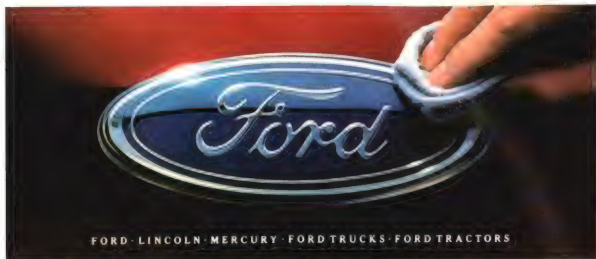
In many ways he may have no need to. From his perspective, it is now for Americans to move closer to Rome. The papal pilgrimage did not bring reconciliation, and none could have been expected. But if it was to be judged as a clarification of the differences across the Atlantic, it achieved its goal. Lay Americans as well as bishops spoke eloquently to John Paul. "Your Holiness," implored Catholic Social Work Administrator Donna Hanson of Spokane, "I do not always feel that I am heard. In my cultural experience, questioning is generally not rebellion nor dissent." Such give-and-take is important to both sides.

Certainly the Pope has lost little of his personal impact. "People seem touched, enriched in some intangible way by the Pope's presence," observed Bishop James Malone of Youngstown, Ohio. One of the AIDS patients in the San Francisco congregation, Earl McLeod, thought that the gay demonstrators outside would have felt differently had they seen John Paul close up. "If they had heard what I heard," he said, "they would not be protesting."

But the Pope cannot hope to win Americans to his side one by one in person. It is the strength of his moral vision, clear cut and demanding, that he leaves for American Catholics to weigh. In their own consciences, in their own hearts and prayers, John Paul's success will have to be measured.

—By Richard N. Ostling.
Reported by Sam Allis with the Pope, and James Willwerth/Los Angeles

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Big Trouble with Tiny Ticks

Physicians on six continents puzzle over Lyme disease

Call it the Great Impostor. Like rheumatoid arthritis, it painfully inflames knees and ankles. Sometimes it masquerades as heart disease, provoking arrhythmias so severe that a pacemaker may be required. It can strike the brain, inciting blinding headaches, memory lapses and even chronic depression. Muscular coordination can become so shaky that doctors suspect multiple sclerosis. Walt Dabney, 41, of Herndon, Va., suffered for more than two years with many of these symptoms and ran up \$4,000 in medical bills before his problem was correctly diagnosed: he had Lyme disease, a bacterial infection spread by ticks. Says Dabney, chief ranger for the National Park Service: "I'm convinced that a lot of people are being treated for arthritis when they've been bitten by a tick."

The difficulty of diagnosing the ailment was a prominent topic last week at the third international conference on Lyme disease, in New York City. A second worrisome theme: the prevalence of the infection, not only in the northeastern U.S., where it was first diagnosed twelve years ago, but across the country and around the world. Researchers reported that the disease has now been found in at least 32 states and six continents, in part



Harvard researcher sweeping for ticks in Nantucket, Mass.; inset, *Ixodes*

because doctors have become more adept at diagnosing it. Since 1980 there have been nearly 6,000 officially recorded cases in the U.S., but experts say the actual number is far higher. "If it weren't for AIDS," says Microbiologist Russell Johnson of the University of Minnesota, "it would be the No. 1 new disease facing us today."

Symptoms of Lyme disease were described in Europe a century ago, but it was not until 1975 that Rheumatologist Allen Steere, then at Yale, made sense of the malady. Steere investigated a group of children, in and around Lyme, Conn., who were suffering from a mys-

terious form of arthritis. He traced the outbreak to speck-size ticks of the genus *Ixodes*, carried mainly by mice and deer. In 1982 federal researchers isolated the culprit from the tick: a cork-screw-shaped bacterium, or spirochete, similar to the one that causes syphilis.

For about 70% of victims, the first sign is a rash that often looks like a bull's-eye—white in the center and red on the outside. It erupts up to a month after the tick bite, and is sometimes accompanied by fever, stiffness and extreme lethargy. At this stage, the infection is easily cured with common antibiotics, like tetracycline. Left untreated, however, more serious symptoms may develop as the spirochete makes its way into the brain (18% of cases), the joints (57%) or the heart (10%). Correctly diagnosed, even these complications can usually be reversed with large doses of antibiotics.

Efforts to contain Lyme disease are under way. In an attempt to disrupt the tick's life cycle, Harvard researchers have developed cardboard tubes containing insecticide-treated cotton that attract nesting mice and keep them bug-free. Meanwhile, work has begun on a vaccine and a urine test that may provide earlier diagnosis than the current blood test. Until a vaccine is available, however, the best protection is wearing long pants tucked into socks when walking in brushy areas—or even in the backyard.

—By Claudia Wallis.
Reported by Suzanne Wymelenberg/Boston

Milestones

HOSPITALIZED. Henry Ford II, 70, former chairman of the Ford Motor Co., the automotive giant founded by his grandfather in 1903; in serious condition with pneumonia; in Detroit.

RECOVERING. Patrick and Benjamin Binder, 7½-month-old Siamese twins whose joined heads were separated Sept. 5 in a 22-hour operation; from a drug-induced brain-protective coma following surgery; at Johns Hopkins Children's Center, in Baltimore. The West German boys now breathe on their own, open their eyes and move their arms and legs spontaneously. They remain in critical but stable condition.

DIED. Howard Moss, 65, National Book Award-winning poet, whose tart and lucid work wrestled with the "mysteries of the commonplace"; and since 1948 influential poetry editor of *The New Yorker*.

whose pages he turned into a showcase for novice and established talents; of a heart attack; in New York City.

DIED. Christopher Soames, 66, British politician and diplomat; of cancer; in Basingstoke, England. Son-in-law and trusted companion of Sir Winston Churchill. Soames from 1968 to 1972 was Ambassador to France, where he helped smooth the way for Britain's entry into the Common Market. In 1979 and 1980, in a masterly balancing act of diplomacy as Governor of Rhodesia, he supervised the negotiations and free elections that gave birth to independent Zimbabwe.

DIED. Mervyn LeRoy, 86, pioneering Hollywood director and producer who built a remarkable library of 78 films that included *Little Caesar*, *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* and *Tugboat Annie* in the early '30s and subsequently such classics

as *The Wizard of Oz*, *Waterloo Bridge*, *Random Harvest*, *Madame Curie*, *Thirty Seconds over Tokyo*, *Little Women*, *Quo Vadis*, *Mister Roberts*, *No Time for Sergeants*, *The FBI Story* and *Gypsy*, his last notable film, in 1962; in Beverly Hills. Although many of his best movies were corrosive social commentaries, the vaudeville-trained LeRoy maintained that he was strictly an entertainer who chose his projects because they had a "good, solid story and the quality I call 'Joe.'"

DIED. J. Lawton ("Lightning Joe") Collins, 91, U.S. Army general and World War II combat commander who earned his nickname when his 25th Infantry Division helped drive the Japanese from Guadalcanal, then led one of the two Army Corps in the D-day assault on Normandy, fought on through Europe, and from 1949 to 1953 served as Army Chief of Staff; of a heart attack; in Washington.

Economy & Business

Blood, Sweat And Fears

Is a federal crackdown making jobs safer?

Unlike the FORTUNE 500 or Standard & Poor's 400, there is a roster of U.S. corporations to which no self-respecting chief executive aspires: the dishonor roll of companies charged by the Federal Government with failing to monitor adequately the safety of their workplaces. The list has swollen every month or so in the past year, as the Occupational Safety and Health Administration has imposed unprecedented penalties on some of the nation's biggest and best-known companies. Among them: Ford Motor and Chrysler (the No. 2 and No. 3 U.S. automakers), Caterpillar (No. 1 among makers of construction equipment), General Dynamics (No. 1 defense contractor) and IBP (No. 1 meat-packer).

Amid all this apparent vigilance, America's 112 million workers should be able to breathe easier, knowing that Uncle Sam is doing everything possible to ensure safer plants, factories, agricultural fields and offices. But perhaps not. The headline-grabbing cases imply that a watchful eye is being cast toward workers' safety; nonetheless, the companies involved were slapped mostly for keeping poor records of injuries and illnesses. This year's proposed fines, ranging from \$477,000 for Ford to \$2.59 million for IBP, were the highest ever levied by OSHA, but the penalties posed little financial hardship for the companies. Critics, including many union leaders, charge that OSHA is not taking enough action to combat the hazards of dangerous equipment and noxious chemicals that can lead to ailments, injuries and deaths. "OSHA laws are supposed to improve a worker's chance of getting home safely to his family," says Davitt McAteer, director of the Occupational Safety and Health Law Center, a public-interest law firm in Washington. "But the worker has less protection than he did eight years ago."

If that is true, some of the responsibility may rest with the President. In his 1980 campaign, Ronald Reagan attacked OSHA for imposing nitpicking, burdensome regulations on business. Within nine months after Reagan took office, the agency made a major policy shift. In the

most dangerous industries, OSHA began to target its inspections. It stopped making surprise visits to factory floors and instead began relying on checks of the companies' own records. Only if employers' safety logs showed illness and injury rates to be above the national average in manufacturing did OSHA staffers consider wall-to-wall inspections. To lessen the chance of such unwelcome scrutiny, some employers apparently started doctoring their logs to underreport or hide serious accidents. But OSHA did not begin to crack down with heavy fines on major record-keeping violations until last year. Critics contend that only pressure from Congress and the approaching 1988 election galvanized the agency into action.

Directing OSHA's current policies is Assistant Labor Secretary John Pendergrass, 62, a former 3M industrial hygienist. Pendergrass argues that OSHA's emphasis on encouraging companies to upgrade their record keeping has fostered self-regulation and a new spirit of cooperation between Government and business. "Playing policeman wasn't working," Pendergrass says. "We are nonconfrontational. We can't be the safety director at every plant." Since 1980, he asserts, 1.5 million safety hazards have been eradicated in America's

OSHA's Pendergrass: "nonconfrontational"



On the production line at an IBP plant in

7 million workplaces. Indeed, Labor Department statistics suggest that workplace safety has improved substantially since OSHA was created in 1970. The rate of job-related illnesses and injuries declined from 11 per 100 full-time workers in 1973 to 7.6 per 100 in 1983. But then progress seemed to stall. The rate was back up to 7.9 per 100 full-time workers in 1985.

A study by the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health indicates that Labor's figures, which rely exclusively on reports from companies, might badly understate the dangers in American factories. Between 1980 and 1984, for example, Labor reported 19,700 occupational fatalities. But by examining death certificates, NIOSH discovered about 27,500 on-the-job fatalities in the same period.

Less disputed is the idea that hazards abound in several occupations. Leading Labor's list of the most dangerous industries is meat-packing, where more than 3 out of 10 employees get hurt or become sick in work-related incidents every year. Also exceeding the national average: companies that make mobile homes (a 27.6% annual injury-and-illness rate in 1985), truck- and auto-body manufacturers (23.4%), building construction firms (15.1%) and farmers (12.2%).

When Americans report to work each day, many of them encounter hazards as endemic to the job as lunch pails and the morning coffee break. In July OSHA penalized Chrysler, alleging that workers at a Newark, Del., assembly plant were exposed to high levels of arsenic and lead in the paint and soldering areas. (The company plans to pay the \$1.6 million fine.) In Chicago, ten of the 5,000 workers who have helped build the so-called Deep Tunnel project, which has created 50 miles of underground passageways for flood and sewage control, have died in



Dakota City, Neb., employees process cuts of beef



Workers in Chicago's Deep Tunnel project prepare to hoist rock shards to the surface

construction accidents since 1975. Grain Belt workers face combines with sharp blades that sever fingers and limbs, foul-smelling air in hog-farrowing barns that can cause lung disease, and an array of possibly carcinogenic herbicides.

Nowhere is danger more obvious than in the meat-packing industry, which will be the focus this week of congressional hearings on its safety practices. AFL-CIO officials estimate that more than one-third of the nation's 175,000 packinghouse workers—160 victims each day—will suffer a serious injury or illness this year. Because meat-packing employees must work swiftly with sharp knives and cleavers, severe cuts and fractures are common. So is carpal-tunnel syndrome, a painful wrist condition caused by a repetitive chopping motion that swells tendons, pinches nerves and sometimes requires corrective surgery. Many workers in IBP's Dakota City, Neb., plant "stand on treacherously slippery floors covered with animal fat," contends Lewie Anderson, vice president of the 1.3 million-member United Food and Commercial Workers International Union. But an IBP spokesman says the company annually pours 1 million lbs. of salt on plant floors to combat such slickness.

California's Silicon Valley, home of many of the nation's newest high-tech companies, boasts a far cleaner image, but its workers face perils as well. In semiconductor plants, where a single speck of dust can destroy a computer chip, employees must don gloves, caps, gowns and shoe covers. But these chipmaking facilities, known as "clean labs," seem misnamed when workers relate the litany of health problems they encounter by being exposed to the acids, gases and solvents used

in chip manufacture. California's division of labor statistics and research has found a high incidence of disabling illnesses among the state's 64,000 semiconductor workers: 21% had job-related ailments in 1985, vs. 6.7% of the state's 2.1 million manufacturing employees.

One reason for the decline in job-related ailments in the past 15 years has been the rapid growth of employment in service industries compared with manufacturing jobs. In 1972, 26% of the non-agricultural work force was employed in manufacturing; that proportion is now down to 19%. But even office workers face health-related uncertainties, particularly in the age of widespread computerization. Some employees who sit in front of video-display terminals all day complain of neck and shoulder soreness and eyestrain; they may also worry about possible long-term effects on their sight. More and more companies are mandating regular

breaks for VDT workers and paying for periodic eye examinations.

As American workplaces have become more diverse, the task of regulating safety practices has grown complex. Meanwhile, though, OSHA's staff of inspectors has shrunk to 1,125, from 1,336 in 1980, and the agency has been notoriously slow to set standards. OSHA has issued only 18 health and 23 safety rules in its 16-year history, which even Pendergrass calls "embarrassing."

The agency's increasing reliance on self-regulation by companies has obvious shortcomings. At a John Morrell meat-packing plant in Sioux Falls, S. Dak., inspectors found 69 record-keeping infractions in a company log. On a list of injuries that supposedly resulted in no lost workdays: an amputation and a chemical burn. OSHA proposed a \$690,000 fine on Morrell in April. After meat-packer IBP learned that its records would be inspected last January, OSHA alleges, the company assembled 50 employees to revise its logs. IBP, which is fighting the case, has been charged with 1,038 instances of underreporting injuries and illnesses.

OSHA's rules will remain ineffective until they are backed by prosecutorial zeal and judicial commitment. Since Reagan took office, the Justice Department has brought to trial only one of the 24 cases OSHA has recommended for prosecution. Although laws provide for prison sentences of up to six months, "nobody has ever gone to jail for violating safety standards," says Joseph Kinney, director of the Chicago-based National Safe Workplace Institute. He adds, "A stretch in the slammer could have a powerful deterrent effect."

—By Gordon Bock

Reported by Jerome Cramer/Washington and Lee Griggs/Chicago

Promoting safety at a Maryland steel plant



Economy & Business



Yochik, center, and the union bargaining team announcing the agreement in Dearborn, Mich.

One Down, Tougher One to Go

The U.A.W. settles with Ford and girds for battle with GM

Nothing like it had ever happened in the long history of auto negotiations. The contract between Ford and the United Auto Workers expired last Monday at midnight, and the company's 104,000 union members would ordinarily have gone out on strike. But the clock was stopped, and the two sides, tantalizingly close to an agreement, went on talking. Finally, after a 28-hour marathon bargaining session that ended about 60 hours beyond the original strike deadline, settlement came on Thursday morning. U.A.W. President Owen Bieber was not around for the handshakes; the strain of the negotiations had sent him to a Detroit hospital on Tuesday night with stomach pains. But he kept in touch with the talks by phone, and his deputy, U.A.W. Vice President Stephen Yochik, proclaimed the union's view of the outcome. "We have a good agreement," he said. "Truly, we broke a lot of new ground."

The proposed three-year contract contains job-security provisions that will give workers unprecedented protection against layoffs. The pact, which is expected to be handily ratified by the U.A.W. rank and file, also includes improved pension and health benefits, along with a first-year 3% wage hike. (The base pay of the average Ford union worker is now \$13.42 an hour.) In the second and third years of the contract, the employees would receive 3% bonus payments.

Ford was in a position to be generous. Its 1986 profits (\$3.3 billion on sales of \$63 billion) surpassed General Motors' earnings (\$2.9 billion from sales of \$103 billion) for the first time since 1924. Said Ford President Harold Poling, who took part in the negotiations: "We believe we can live quite well with this agreement."

But struggling GM probably cannot. Bieber, who was released from the hospi-

tal late in the week, will demand from GM a deal similar to the Ford package in negotiations that begin this week. GM's contract with the U.A.W. also expired last week, but the union shrewdly decided to settle first with cash-rich Ford.

While No. 3 Chrysler does not face negotiations with its U.S. workers until next year, the company got a scare last week when its contract with the Canadian Auto Workers union ran out. Some 10,000 employees in Chrysler's four plants in Ontario went on strike, stopping production of such hot-selling models as the Dodge Caravan and Plymouth Voyager vans. The impact rippled across the border, idling 1,400 workers at Chrysler's plant in Belvidere, Ill., where



At this local, the picket signs were ready. The pact gives unprecedented job security.

most production was shut down for lack of Canadian-made parts, and 500 additional employees at a stamping plant operated by the firm in Warren, Mich. The Canadian union ended its walkout after four days, when Chrysler agreed to index the pensions of future retirees to inflation, up to an annual rate of 6%. The top rate will be 5% for current pensioners. Union leaders hope that the provision will encourage older workers to retire, helping preserve the jobs of younger workers.

Job security was the main focus of Ford's negotiations with the U.A.W., and the company made historic promises. Under the plan, Ford agreed to maintain the current number of jobs at each of its 89 plants and pledged not to lay off workers for any reason except a sharp slump in car sales resulting from an economic downturn. That means, for example, that Ford could not drop workers merely to increase automation or shift production of cars and parts overseas. Ford will be allowed to reduce its labor force by attrition—retirement, illness and the like—but the company agreed to hire one new worker for every two who leave for such reasons.

In return for more job security, the U.A.W. will cooperate with Ford at the plant level by cutting away the thicket of traditional work rules and restrictive job classifications that impede productivity. In general, the union agreed to allow more Japanese-style teamwork. The Big Three automakers realize that efficiency gains are essential to meeting the challenge of foreign competitors, which built 28.2% of the 11.4 million cars sold in the U.S. last year, up from 14.8% a decade ago. Even if Congress imposed quotas on auto imports, Japanese companies could still augment their production capacity in the U.S. Honda last week announced a \$561 million expansion of its American operations, including a new \$380 million auto assembly plant near Marysville, Ohio. Surprisingly, Honda said it would become the first Japanese company to export its U.S.-built products to Japan and Europe, and plans to ship out 70,000 cars a year by 1991. Apparent reason: the appreciation of the yen has helped make autoworker wage rates in the U.S. roughly comparable with those prevailing in Japan.

The company with the most to lose from foreign competition is undoubtedly GM. Its share of U.S. auto sales has already dipped from 46% to 37.6% (vs. a current share of 20.3% for No. 2 Ford) since 1980. In the face of faltering sales, GM, which plans to close nine of its more than 150 plants by 1989, cannot afford to offer the U.A.W. the same kind of job-security guarantees that Ford did. Yet the union's GM members are not ready to become second-class autoworkers. In short, the chances of a U.A.W.-GM settlement without a long and painful strike look slim.

—By Janice Castro.

Reported by B. Russell Leavitt/Detroit

Where There's No Smoke . . .

R.J. Reynolds is puffed up over its latest invention

Just imagine. No more smoke rings. Or ashtrays. Or stale, lingering tobacco odor. Or spilled ashes and crushed butts. R.J. Reynolds Tobacco, America's No. 2 cigarette company, announced last week that it could make a "smokeless" cigarette. "We think we have something here that's on the leading edge," declared Edward Horrigan, the chairman of Reynolds, a division of R.J.R. Nabisco. If all goes as planned, production and test marketing could begin as early as this winter.

The product was designed to mollify nonsmokers, and clean up an industry image that has been tarred by the growing antismoking movement. Horrigan did not actually claim that Reynolds had invented a safe cigarette, only a "cleaner" one. Since the cigarette does not actually burn, he explained, it does not produce some of the compounds in tobacco smoke, like tar, that have been cited as health hazards. But medical experts are not convinced. Says Karen Monaco, a program manager at the American Lung Association: "Anything that you light up and inhale is hazardous to your lungs."

The experimental product is lighted just like a regular cigarette, but the tobacco is not actually burned, only warmed. The tip contains a tiny carbon heat source. When the smoker inhales, the warmed air is drawn across a "flavor capsule" composed of certain ingredients (Reynolds, for competitive reasons, will not identify them) and wrapped in ordinary tobacco. The air then passes through two filters. The first is made of a tobacco blend that is designed to cool the air, and the second is a standard synthetic-fiber filter. There is no smoke twisting upward from the tip, and no ash. The exhaled smoke dissipates quickly, like steam, with no tobacco smell. Once the carbon tip is used up, the cigarette extinguishes itself, in roughly the same amount of time it takes a typical king-size cigarette to burn down.

By pioneering the smokeless cigarette, Reynolds hopes to regain the industry lead it lost in 1983 to Philip Morris, which makes Marlboro. Reynolds, maker of Winston and Salem, now has 33% of U.S. cigarette sales (total market: \$15.1 billion), compared with 38% for Philip Morris. But last week's announcement may have been the starting gun in a race for the smokeless market. Philip Morris, along with American Brands, which sells Pall Mall, and Lorillard, the makers of Kent, are all believed to have the technology needed to rival Reynolds.

The new product fired the debate between health officials and the tobacco industry. Since the smokeless cigarette still contains nicotine and gives off carbon monoxide, antismoking activists insist it is as dangerous as ordinary cigarettes. Experts are also concerned about the contents of the flavor capsule. Says Dr. Elizabeth Whelan, executive director of the

American Council on Science and Health: "How can they claim they took out the harmful elements when we don't know what causes the harm?"

Reynolds claims the new model improves on the old in some obvious ways. Although not strictly smokeless, the product is designed to reduce the amount of smoke sharply enough to avoid irritating nonsmokers nearby. The familiar litter of discarded cigarette butts would vanish—although it might be replaced by the litter of entire cigarettes. The heated tip comes wrapped in specially treated paper, so



that it is less likely than a regular cigarette to ignite surfaces if it falls.

The industry's rush to clear the air comes at a time of popular backlash against smoking in public places. Leading the charge is Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, who has called for a smoke-free society by the year 2000. Since 1974, 42 states and 1,000 municipalities have moved to restrict smoking in such open areas as restaurants, offices and hospitals.

As smokers have come under fire from all sides, U.S. domestic cigarette sales have been dropping 2% to 3% annually, to 29 billion packs last year. Fewer Americans than ever (55 million, or 26.5% of the adult population) smoke at all. The smokeless cigarette, Reynolds hopes, could help extinguish that trend.

That is just what has critics fuming. If the new cigarette actually satisfies a craving for nicotine without producing the smoke that annoys others, smokers might have less incentive to quit. Nonsmokers, meanwhile, might be just as vulnerable as before, or more so. "Now when someone lights up, you can see and avoid the smoke," says John Banzhaf, executive director of Action on Smoking and Health. "With the new cigarette, which still may give off dangerous chemicals, it will be harder to avoid."

Reynolds' smokeless-cigarette project, code-named Operation Black Hole, was conducted in total secrecy. But word began to leak out before last week's press conference. Amid rumors of a breakthrough, Reynolds stock jumped nearly

three points, to 67½, in heavy trading. Once the news was out, Wall Street took a more skeptical view. The new product, analysts agreed, would not boost Reynolds' profits anytime soon, and so its stock price settled back to 64½ at week's end.

Still, some tobacco watchers think the innovation has the potential to transform the industry. Says Marc Cohen, a consumer-goods expert at the Sanford C. Bernstein investment firm: "The \$64,000 question is: How will consumers react to it? Will smokers be satisfied? Will nonsmokers be satisfied?" If the answer is yes, the smoggy poker game, and other familiar scenes, could become a thing of the past.

—By Nancy R. Gibbs. Reported by Thomas McCarroll/New York and Don Winbush/Atlanta

Business Notes



Moviemaking: the ousted Puttnam

POLICYMAKERS

A Loyal Ally Says Goodbye

In an Administration that has had more than its share of discord, Beryl Sprinkel will be remembered as a trusted team player. Sprinkel, 63, who resigned last week for personal reasons as chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, could be counted on to voice strong support for Ronald Reagan's policies. That was in sharp contrast to the free spirit of his predecessor, Martin Feldstein, who frequently stirred controversy by publicly appearing to differ with the President. But while Feldstein earned praise for his independence, Sprinkel, a former bank economist, had more influence in the Administration. He is credited with reinforcing the President's stand against trade protectionism. Sprinkel plans to go on the lecture circuit after he steps down in November.

REAL ESTATE

Fire Sale in The Oil Patch

Looking for a bargain in real estate? Consider a visit to the spanking-new gallery that opened last week in Dallas. No, it is not just another branch of Century 21, but a dazzling display mounted by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance



Real estate: prospective buyers browse in the FSIC gallery

Corporation. Prospective buyers can browse through glossy pictures of a \$13 million office tower in Houston or a 50-room \$2 million hotel in New Orleans' French Quarter.

The glitzy gallery is part of the FSIC's effort to unload some \$408 million worth of properties inherited from failed thrift institutions, mostly in the troubled oil-patch states. If investors cannot find something on the selling floor, they might want to bid for the gallery itself. The twelve-story office building that houses the center is available for \$12 million.

DRUGS

Easing Pains In the Wallet

Money-back guarantees have long been used to promote mail-order kitchen knives or lawn trimmers, but now that classic gimmick is helping sell a most unlikely product: prescription drugs. G.D. Searle—best known for introducing the first birth-control pill and NutraSweet, the widely used sugar substitute—is offering full refunds to customers who find the company's medications ineffective or experience unpleasant side effects. All a patient has to do is fill out a postcard-size form with information about where the drug was bought and how much it cost, and attach the sales receipt. The patient's physician signs the form, sends it in, and

Searle mails the check to the customer.

Searle, based in Skokie, Ill., will give refunds on all its 22 prescription drugs, including Calan, a drug for high blood pressure. The company hopes the promotion will boost sales. In particular, Searle thinks the money-back guarantee will encourage doctors to try prescribing several new drugs, including an anti-ulcer pill called Cytotec, that the company plans to market soon. But many doctors are uneasy about the strategy. Says Dr. Mark Siegler, director of the University of Chicago's Center for Clinical Medical Ethics: "Inappropriate guarantees from the drug firm threaten to undermine the doctor-patient relationship."

INVENTIONS

Golden Brown, Coming Down

Can a vending machine become a short-order cook? Apparently yes, but the menu is still limited. Prize Frize of Palm Springs, Calif., last week began selling an automated dispenser of fresh-cooked French fries. For 75¢ or \$1, it adds water to a dehydrated potato concentrate, forms the mix into fries, plops them into hot oil, and in one minute delivers a 4-oz. serving.

Although Frize now has French-fry vending to itself, big-name competition is



Inventions: hot fries in a flash

on the way. Boise-based Ore-Ida, the largest U.S. retailer of frozen potato products, is developing a machine that uses frozen fries instead of a mix.

MOVIEMAKING

His Chariot Flames Out

When David Puttnam was forced to resign last week as head of Columbia Pictures, it marked the failure of a Hollywood experiment. The acclaimed British producer (*The Killing Fields*, *Chariots of Fire*) was a surprise choice when he was hired last year. A critic of inflated budgets and unimaginative scripts, Puttnam promised to devote an entire studio to the kind of original and inexpensive films he had made on his own.

But Puttnam, 46, had a fatal propensity for picking fights with powerful figures. He clashed with Bill Cosby over the comedian's forthcoming film, *Leonard Part 6*. Cosby was so enraged that he took his next project to Warner Bros., and complained to executives of Columbia's parent, Coca-Cola, which Cosby has long served as a pitchman.

Even as Coke's management eased Puttnam out, he remained unrepentant: "Do I seem to have upset a great number of powerful people? Yes. It seems that I've done one terrible thing: reinvented the use of the word no."

Press

Forget About Art and Cars

William Dean Singleton keeps collecting papers

Most staffers on the ailing *Denver Post* (circ. 227,000) had heard the rumors that their paper was for sale. So when the announcement came last week that the Los Angeles-based Times Mirror Co. had sold the paper for \$95 million, few were shocked. What did surprise them was the buyer: William Dean Singleton, 36, a plump, boyish-looking Texan whose newspaper empire only a year ago consisted largely of small-town dailies.

Though Singleton may not yet rank with Gannett or Knight-Ridder, he is rapidly developing a knack for picking up troubled metropolitan papers at bargain prices. Only four days earlier, Singleton and his partner, Richard Scudder, 73, had bought the *Houston Post* (circ. 309,000) for \$150 million. Last year the two men made their first big acquisition, paying \$110 million for the *Dallas Times Herald* (circ. 247,000), another Times Mirror paper. Through a complex web of companies under the umbrella of MediaNews Group Inc., Singleton and Scudder have amassed 56 newspapers (including 29 dailies), making their chain the eleventh largest in the country. "Some people collect art and cars," says Singleton. "We like to collect papers."

Singleton became hooked on newsprint at 15, when he worked as a part-time reporter for his hometown paper, the *Graham (Texas) Leader*. After dropping out of college, he started a weekly in the Texas Panhandle before attempting to revive the Fort Worth *Press*. The paper



The proprietor holding his latest acquisitions
hooked on newsprint at 15.

fizzled, so Singleton went to work for Joe Allbritton, the Texas financier and publisher. Singleton's specialty: acquiring sick papers and nursing them back to health through radical budget surgery.

In 1983 Singleton and Scudder, former publisher of the now defunct Newark *News*, bought their first property, the daily Gloucester County (N.J.) *Times* (circ. 30,000). Since then the pair has acquired

other small papers in California, Texas and New Jersey. Scudder supplied most of the capital along with Media General, a Virginia-based firm that holds a minority interest in some 20 of the chain's papers. While Singleton plays Mr. Outside, Scudder prefers a low profile, taking an active interest in the editorial side of the business and occasionally penning his own editorials.

Denver staffers worry about Singleton's reputation as a cost cutter and fear that he might soften the paper's journalistic edge. Introducing himself last week to *Post* employees, James Barnhill, the folksy new publisher, said he hopes to put out a "newspaper that makes people feel good in the morning." Singleton, however, gets passing grades in Dallas. "The nightmare we all worried about never came," says *Times Herald* Reporter Jim Henderson. Nearly all the 156 *Times* employees who were laid off (out of a total of 1,350) came from the business side. Editor David Burgin has abandoned trying to match the rival *Morning News* story for story. Instead, he concentrates resources on local and state news, including scoops on the S.M.U. football scandal.

Though the *Houston Post* turned a profit last year, the *Denver* paper may have lost as much as \$10 million. Both trail their more profitable rivals, the *Rocky Mountain News* and the *Houston Chronicle*, in circulation, while the oil-battered economies of both cities have dried up advertising dollars. For all of Singleton's love for newspapers, he may have taken on too big a challenge. Says Newspaper Analyst John Morton: "It's a daring risk. The future of junior newspapers is not bright."

—By Laurence Zuckerman
Reported by Richard Woodbury/Dallas

Anchor Away

In the "cool" medium of television, Dan Rather has always been considered a "hot" presence. Last week, however, Rather's colleagues at CBS were debating whether their intense, somewhat melodramatic anchor had grown a few degrees too hot after he angrily walked off the set of the CBS *Evening News*, leaving the network with a blank screen.

In Miami to report the arrival of Pope John Paul II, Rather became upset after learning that the network's coverage of the U.S. Open tennis tournament might cut into that night's 6:30 newscast. He called CBS News President Howard Stringer and told him that if the

Evening News did not begin on schedule, CBS Sports should fill the remaining time until the second, and final, edition of the news began at 7. When the semifinal match between Steffi Graf and Lori McNeil was still on the network at 6:30, Rather unplugged his microphone and left the set to call Stringer again. Moments later the match ended, and the network switched from New York to Miami for Rather's show. For six frantic minutes, more than 100 CBS stations that carry the 6:30 broadcast scrambled to fill the time until Rather could be located and hustled back to his desk.

CBS denied reports that Rather had to be cajoled into returning to the set. "I would never even think of deliberately allowing the network to go to black," he said. Although the managers of several CBS affili-

ates criticized Rather for leaving his anchor chair, CBS Chief Executive Officer Laurence Tisch publicly sympathized with Rather, saying it was "human nature" for him to be perturbed. Nonetheless, Tisch



Rather: missing in action

reportedly was furious with Rather, and the two had a heated exchange. A possible casualty: Executive Producer Tom Bettag, who might be replaced with someone who can deal more firmly with Rather.

The disappearing act fueled fresh speculation about whether the ratings game was taking a toll on Rather. Once the top-ranked network anchor, Rather spent most of the summer stuck in third place, behind NBC's Tom Brokaw and ABC's Peter Jennings. But Rather may soon have reason to smile again: in trial runs of the new "people meter" rating system, which made its official debut last week, the CBS *Evening News* with Dan Rather finished in first place. No details, however, about how those six minutes of CBS *Evening News Without Dan Rather* fared. ■

Show Business

COVER STORIES

Cosby, Inc.

He has a hot TV series, a new book—and a booming comedy empire



The bedroom is pitch dark. Two young brothers who share a crowded bed are busily not going to sleep. As one of them, Bill Cosby, describes it years later in a classic monologue, the night is an extended comedy-drama of horseplay, taunting and hand-to-hand combat: "I'm tellin' Dad, I'm tellin' Dad..." "I never hit you, I never hit you..." Each outburst is followed by a visit from their father, who thunders like Zeus. "If I hear any more laughing... I'm going to KILL YOU!"

Flash forward. Cosby is the father now, presiding over a brood of five children on TV's top-rated series. When he arrives home in one episode, three of his daughters begin fawning over him. "What's blown up or on fire?" asks Dad skeptically. The youngest, it turns out, has cut photographs out of some of his favorite books to make a report for school. But Dad neither explodes nor affixes blame, just leafs resignedly through her handiwork. "Very good report," he comments. "Very expensive."

Slow dissolve. Cosby has just celebrated a notable birthday, prompting new thoughts—and a new medium—for America's most famous father. "I recently turned fifty," he writes at the outset of his book *Time Flies*, "which is young for a tree, mid-life for an elephant, and ancient for a quarter-miler, whose son now says, 'Dad I just can't run the quarter with you anymore unless I bring something to read.'"

Perhaps no performer in history has chronicled his life cycle so thoroughly, or so publicly, as Bill Cosby. Certainly no one has been so successful at it. Even Cosby, a man fond of outside cigars and outlandish hyperbole, would have trouble overstating the scope of his popularity. As main attraction and chief architect of *The Cosby Show*, television's No. 1-rated program for three straight seasons, he dominates the medium as no star has since the days of Lucille Ball and Milton Berle. And he has parlayed his TV success into a multimedia empire that seems to grow like the tall tales the young stand-up comic once spun out of his Philadelphia childhood.

The Cosby Show, whose fourth season begins on NBC this week, has already earned a chapter in the TV history books. Its overall rating last season—34.9, representing 63 million viewers—was not just its best in three seasons but the best for any TV series since *Bonanza* in 1964-65. The show's success has created its own bonanza on the syndication market: *Cosby Show* reruns, currently being sold to local stations, have earned a record-smashing \$600 million, and the total could eventually top \$1 billion; a third of that will go to Cosby himself. Meanwhile

“In America... the seven ages of man have become preschooler, Pepsi generation, baby boomer, mid-lifer, empty-nester, senior citizen, and organ donor.”

—From *Time Flies*

a *Cosby Show* spinoff, *A Different World* (starring Lisa Bonet as Cosby's TV daughter Denise, now off at college), debuts this week on NBC. With the coveted time slot following *Cosby* on Thursday nights, it could easily be another huge hit.

Everything Cosby touches these days seems to turn to gold, if not platinum. Enjoying the highest Q rating in history (the definitive show-biz gauge of audience appeal), Cosby has long been one of TV's most sought-after commercial pitchmen; he currently does ads for Jell-O, Kodak and E.F. Hutton. His stand-up performances draw packed crowds everywhere, from the showrooms of Las Vegas to Radio City Music Hall. (His going rate for one-nighters: \$250,000.) A videocassette, *Bill Cosby: 49*, sponsored by Kodak and pro-

duced by Cosby's wife Camille, has sold 200,000 copies so far, more than any other concert video yet released. His first feature film in six years, a James Bond-esque spy caper called *Leonard Part 6*, will appear in theaters around Christmas, and he plans to start shooting another movie in the spring.

And now comes Cosby the publishing phenom. Three years ago Paul Bresnick, a senior editor at Doubleday and newly expectant father, came up with the idea for a book about being a dad. After his first two choices to write it were "thankfully not available," Bresnick approached Cosby, whose NBC series was just starting to take off. The result was *Fatherhood*, a collection of humorous anecdotes and observations, which spent more than a year on the best-seller list and sold 2.6 million hard-cover copies, edging past *Lolita* to set a modern-day record. Naturally, that called for a sequel. *Time Flies*, a lighthearted look at the woes of growing older, has just arrived in stores with a huge first printing of 1.75 million copies—yes, another record.

Clearly, Bill Cosby is more than a show-biz success story; he is a force in the national culture. Like Ronald Reagan, another entertainer with a warm, fatherly image who peaked relatively late in life, Cosby purveys a message of optimism and traditional family values. At a time when real-life families are weathering problems of drugs and divorce, the Huxtable clan on *The Cosby Show* is the very model of a strong, close-knit, parent-dominated unit. The fact that the family is black, without making a particular point of it, is an encouraging sign of maturity in matters of race. For whites as well as blacks, *The Cosby Show* is a weekly source of comfort and wisdom. "I hear white working-class families quoting *The Cosby Show* as though it were the last church sermon they heard," says Harvard Psychiatrist Robert Coles. "It's a pastoral quality."

This pastor, however, is a man of sometimes jarring contradictions. On-stage he comes across as an average guy commiserating about the little trials that face us all; yet, with earnings estimated at \$57 million this year, he makes more money than any other entertainer on the





Breakthrough role: with Co-Star Culp in *I Spy*



Stylish host of *Cos* in 1972



TV's favorite father with part of his brood on *The Cosby*

globe. He is TV's best-loved family man, yet he firmly shields his own wife and five children from publicity. He shies away from the praise of peers by refusing to accept Emmy nominations; yet he flaunts his doctor's degree in education, earned at age 39. As a performer, he radiates child-like charm and clownish exuberance; with co-workers, he can be demanding and difficult (see following story).

Perhaps the most puzzling question surrounding Cosby is why, after a long career that seemed to have plateaued somewhere short of superstardom, he suddenly found himself the proprietor of TV's biggest hit of the decade. By most objective standards, *The Cosby Show* is an unlikely candidate for through-the-roof success. In contrast, say, to the Norman Lear comedies of the early '70s, it breaks little new ground in style or subject matter. It has none of the gag-writing brio of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* or a half a dozen comedies that followed it. Indeed, *The Cosby Show* might be a classic illustration of ex-Network Programmer Paul Klein's theory of Least Objectionable Programming. With its gentle humor, upbeat message and cross-cultural appeal, *The Cosby Show* has nothing to offend anybody.

But the series stands well apart from most other current family shows, with their contrived plots and wisecracking tots. Parents on *The Cosby Show* are figures of calm authority, not boobs, and episodes revolve around the realistic trivia of everyday family life: Dad goes out to buy a new car, or a daughter tries to explain her bad grades. Such plots, of course, are simply a throwback to slice-of-family-life shows of the '50s and '60s like *Father Knows Best* and *Leave It to Beaver*, and Cosby's success may partly reflect nostalgia for those simpler old times.

But *The Cosby Show* outdoes even those ancestors in presenting an antiseptic portrait of family life, a comforting parable for parents. This "realistic" family has petty squabbles and conflicts, but they are resolved easily, without pain or embarrassment for anyone. Dad may look beleaguered at times, but in a pinch he always reacts with just the right mix of firmness and compassion—and never a hint of self-doubt. (Even Jim Anderson agonized in the kitchen over his fatherly duties.) Children may misbehave, but their disobedience only provides an opportunity for the parents to demonstrate how to deal with such matters—or better yet, for the kids to show how they have internalized their parents' values. When a friend of 13-year-old Vanessa lights up a cigarette in the house, the Huxtable children take turns berating the girl; even little Rudy comes on like an ad for the American Cancer Society.

Whatever the explanation for Cosby's magic touch, it seems to work just as well in print as on TV. In *Fatherhood*, Cosby sympathized with every dad who has ever been pestered by a child for money or got Soap on a Rope as a Father's Day present. *Time Flies* has the same broad appeal, with wry, wistful comments on every middle-aged trauma from the onset of love handles around the midsection to the embarrassment of searching for glasses that are sitting on top of one's head.

Most of these bite-size chunks of Cosbyana are little more than stand-up material set down on paper, without the flair that Cosby brings to them in live performance. (His unbillied collaborator on both books was Humor Writer Ralph Schoenstein.) But the quips are frequently funny, and pure Cosby. Noting that underwear keeps getting tighter as one grows older, he observes, "It is a point of pride for the American male to keep the same size

Jockey shorts for his entire life."

Unlike *Fatherhood*, which felt obliged to interrupt the jokes for a few passages of banal "advice" to parents, *Time Flies* makes no claim to great significance. That job, as in the earlier book, is left to a plodding introduction by Alvin Poussaint, a Harvard psychiatry professor who is a consultant on Cosby's TV show. And if the kvetching starts to grow wearisome, Cosby manages to end on a note of uplift: "Deefense! I am crying to joints that need 3-in-One Oil, to intestines that are begging for custard, and to eyes that are proud of their ability to distinguish day from night. However, I am also counting my blessings and not my time with a pointless pining for yesterday because I keep telling myself, 'The older I get, the luckier I am.'"

Cosby has a lot to feel lucky about, starting with the amazing resiliency of his career. While still a student at Temple University, he got his first taste of performing by doing jokes and impressions at parties. Soon he was picking up nightclub gigs in Philadelphia and New York. Juggling comedy stints with school and sports grew more difficult, and the inevitable clash came during his junior year. The football team (for which Cosby played second-string fullback) had to travel out of town for a Saturday game; Cosby had booked himself into a \$225 club engagement on Friday night. He sought permission to join the team late, but the school's athletic director refused. Forced to choose between comedy and college, Cosby opted for laughs and dropped out of school. Within a year he had landed a guest spot on the *Tonight* show, and by early 1964 he had re-



Show: calm authority, comforting parable



The ubiquitous pitchman: pausing for refreshment on the set of *Leonard Part 6*

corded the first of what would eventually be more than 20 comedy albums.

Cosby emerged at the peak of the 1960s civil rights ferment, and he was unique among black comedians of the time (such as Dick Gregory and Godfrey Cambridge) in not using race as a subject. That was not always the case, however. "Racial humor was about 35% of my act when I first started," recalls Cosby. "But I realized that it was a crutch. What brought it home was when another comedian said to me, 'If you changed color tomorrow, you wouldn't have any material.' He meant it as a put-down, but I took it as a challenge." Ever since, a color-blind approach has been a basic tenet of Cosby's comedy philosophy: "I don't think you can bring the races together by joking about the differences between them. I'd rather talk about the similarities, about what's universal in their experiences."

Cosby developed his style by studying such comics as Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks, whose 2,000-Year-Old Man routine "taught me that if the audience knows you can be funny when you want to be, they will be willing to wait for that payoff." Among his early routines was a famous bit in which God tries to convince a skeptical Noah that he should build an ark. But Cosby soon gravitated toward a more fertile subject: his childhood. In vivid, richly textured narratives, he told of cutting up with neighborhood characters like Old Weird Harold and Fat Albert, sharing a bed with his younger brother Russell, going to the hospital to get his tonsils out. No comic has ever entered a child's mind with so much empathy and gusto.

Though Cosby's comedy was color-blind, the comedian was not. In 1964, when Producer Sheldon Leonard invited him to audition for a role in a new TV series called *I Spy*, Cosby struck Co-Star Robert Culp as the "angriest young man I'd ever met." Cosby does not dispute the characterization. "You have to remember the times. It wasn't so much because of any racism directed against me. It was because of the March on Washington and how the press tried to ignore it, and the Red-baiting going on. I felt that my country had betrayed its black citizens." He got the role nonetheless—the first black actor to co-star in a network dramatic series. The event was a Jackie Robinson-like breakthrough. "I remember being totally overjoyed about it," recalls Actor Robert Guillaume. "When Cosby hit, it was like a Second Coming." Cosby went on to win three Emmys for his performances; he and Culp have remained friends ever since.

I Spy was canceled in 1968 after three seasons, and Cosby's TV career took a long time to recover. He starred as a high school gym teacher in *The Bill Cosby Show*, an engaging series that was nevertheless canceled after two seasons. A comedy-variety series called *The New Bill Cosby Show* lasted only one; another effort, *Cos*, failed in less than two months. Cosby landed a few movie roles in such films as *Uptown Saturday Night*, *California Suite* and *Heikey and Boggs* (a rare and surprisingly effective dramatic performance). But his film career failed to ignite. Cosby refuses to characterize the time as a career slump but admits it was a "period when I was being ignored by some people."

Two groups of people, however, were not ignoring him at all. Children, for one,

seemed to love him. While struggling in prime time, Cosby became a frequent guest on *The Electric Company* and *Sesame Street*, and created the critically acclaimed Saturday-morning cartoon series *Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids*. His other major fans were advertising executives: Attracted by his rapport with children, Jell-O hired Cosby in 1974 for a series of commercials in which he talked and mugged with youngsters eating Jell-O pudding. He was soon in demand for other TV spots, hawking products for Ford, Texas Instruments and Coca-Cola, among others. His latest client, E.F. Hutton, reportedly paid him more than \$5 million for a long-term deal. "The advertising business was looking for universality that shatters the color image," says Fred Danzig, editor of *Advertising Age*. "Cosby does that."

In the meantime, Cosby, who had once vowed to quit show business at 34 and become a teacher, sought to finish his education. The bachelor's degree that he did not complete at Temple was belatedly awarded to him on the basis of "life experience." Then he enrolled in a part-time doctoral program in education at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. He was awarded an Ed.D. degree in 1977, a credential that Cosby proudly displays every week in the credits for his TV series ("William Cosby Jr., Ed.D.") is listed as one of the show's three creators). His degree, however, has been attacked by a former professor who was on Cosby's dissertation committee, Reginald Damerell. In a 1985 book critical of the nation's education schools, Damerell noted that Cosby took virtually no classes, got course credit for appearing on *Sesame Street* and *The Electric Company* and wrote a dissertation that analyzed the impact of his own show. *Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids*. Degrees like Cosby's, Damerell charged, "do not

Show Business

attest to genuine academic achievement. They are empty credentials."

Cosby bristles at the accusation. "All I can tell you is that I completed every requirement that I was asked to complete," he says. Though later students at the school admit that Cosby's program was "not the most rigorous in the world," university officials insist he was given no special treatment. Cosby's dissertation, says Professor Louis Fischer, who was acting dean at the time, "was a very, very thorough, defensible study of the impact on children's values of the systematic watching of the *Fat Albert* program."

Cosby's now faded return to prime time was still years away. Tom Werner and Marcy Carsey, two ABC program executives, had approached Cosby's agent, Norman Brokaw, several times about creating a sitcom for the comic but had generated no interest. Early in 1984 that changed. Cosby says he had spent some time watching TV and was appalled at the "lack of anything you could feel good about watching with your family. It was all car chases and breasts and characters yelling at each other and saying 'Yowie!'" Carsey and Werner (who had since left ABC and formed their own production company) revived their idea and took it to NBC, where Entertainment President Brandon Tartikoff had been thinking of putting Cosby in a family series after seeing one of his monologues on the *Tonight* show.

"You have to remember how different a show we were proposing," says Werner. "Instead of getting laughs from arguments and conflicts between the husband and wife, we were going for subtler humor." NBC decided to take a chance on it, with no expectations of a blockbuster hit. But the show's debut episode hit the Nielsen top ten, and by midseason had taken firm hold of the No. 1 spot. *The Cosby Show's* huge success boosted NBC's entire Thursday-night schedule, helped lift the network from last place to first in the ratings and has given nightmares to opposing-network executives ever since.

In an industry where faceless collaborations are the rule, Cosby is an auteur involved in nearly every aspect of his series, from editing scripts to selecting theme music. The Huxtable family is modeled closely on Cosby's own, and many of the episodes are drawn from ideas he suggests. While filming his movie, for example, Cosby heard Ray Charles' recording of *It's Not Easy Being Green*. He asked the show's writers to build an episode around the song. Result: in one of this fall's seg-



The auteur in a rare moment of repose during a *Cosby Show* taping

"I keep telling myself, 'The older I get, the luckier I am.'"

ments, a sulking Rudy goes into her room for a wordless sequence set to Charles' music. Many of Cosby's ideas are the merest kernels of plots, which a staff of six writers must work to flesh out into 30-minute episodes. "We're concerned about structure," says one writer, Gary Kott. "But if Bill has an idea for a scene, he doesn't care how we get there as long as it is logical and fun."

Cosby's influence is also seen in the show's frequent, but unisistent, references to black culture. When Son Theo has to read a book for school, chances are it will be Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*; when Denise is considering colleges, all-black schools are the topic of discussion. Each script is reviewed by Poussaint to ensure psychological credibility and avoid negative stereotyping. His sanitizing hand can be as heavy as a network censor's. In the original script for one Halloween episode, Vanessa and a friend were to dress up as a witch and Captain Hook. Poussaint vetoed both, arguing that witches perpetuate an offensive image of women and that the captain's hooked hand reinforces the idea of handicaps being evil. The youngsters wore more innocuous costumes instead, with Vanessa dressing up as an African princess.

The upbeat, sometimes preachy tone of the series has annoyed some. "Bill seemed to want the family to be good, and to me, good isn't funny," says Earl Pomerantz, head writer for the show's first eight episodes. Others complain that the series slipped a bit last season, with some segments being especially flimsy and plot-

less. A few critics have raised more substantive issues. One charge is that the well-to-do Huxtables are hardly representative of the vast majority of black families in this country. (Or many white ones, for that matter: no problem with child care in this two-income family.) Critic Mark Crispin Miller has claimed that the show provides the white audience with false reassurance that racial troubles have vanished. "On *The Cosby Show*, it appears as if blacks in general can have, or do have, what many whites enjoy," he writes. "And there are no hard feelings, none at all, now that the old injustice has been so easily rectified."

Cosby heatedly defends the Huxtable clan against these attacks. "To say that they are not black enough is a denial of the American dream and the American way of life," he

says. "My point is that this is an American family—an American family—and if you want to live like they do, and you're willing to work, the opportunity is there." Others rush to the show's support. "One of the unfortunate things about television is that the black middle class is never seen," says Sidney Poitier. "We see an awful lot of guys pushing down on street corners." For Anne Roiphe, co-author of *Your Child's Mind*, the show's idealized picture of family life is healthy for both blacks and whites. "The show demonstrates what Americans wish the world was like," she says. "This is what is missing in our lives—the strong support of a family."

With fulfillment or role model, Cosby's TV family shows no sign of losing its appeal. The star himself may be the one who finally calls a halt to the program's fabulous run. He says he will wrap up the series after just two more seasons, in order to spend more time on other projects. Plans for a third book, on love and marriage, are in the works; so are more feature films. And, of course, the seemingly endless commercials, concerts and other public appearances.

Indeed, if anything threatens the fortunes of Cosby, Inc., it is overexposure. Cosby is not worried. "The measure of overexposure is not how many times people see you on TV or in the bookstores," he says. "It's whether you can maintain the quality of your entertainment. If you can, people will always be glad to see you." Such pronouncements may seem risky in the fickle world of show business. But Cosby hasn't been wrong yet. —By Richard Zoglin, Reported by Scott Brown/Los Angeles, Dan Goodgame/Las Vegas and Jeanne Ralston/New York

Another old wives' tale confirmed by science: The way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

It's even truer than your grandmother realized. What you eat may or may not affect your affections about someone. But it can affect your heart and blood vessels.

Eating the wrong things can hurt your health. Eating the right things has a lot to do with keeping you healthy. So you should know what the right things are.

Low fat, high fiber, complex carbohydrates.

Fat—even vegetable fat—is something a lot of us get too much of. So low fat is definitely a right thing.

Carbohydrates give you energy. *Complex* carbohydrates are *sustained* energy—the kind that lasts. They're not like simple sugars that burn up all at once. Complex carbohydrates keep you going.

Fiber is important. You hear a lot about fiber these days because every time they study it they find it's related to a healthy diet. But one kind of fiber—water soluble—can have a real effect on the cholesterol level in your blood. And that's good news for your heart. If you eat sensibly—I mean a low-fat, low-cholesterol diet—soluble fiber can help reduce your serum cholesterol.

40,000,000 Americans have high cholesterol.

If you're over 25 you could well be one of them. And high cholesterol levels are a major risk factor in coronary heart disease. They develop, among other things, from eating too many saturated fats.

If you're an adult, the bad news is you may have already eaten your way into a cholesterol problem; but the good news, say experts, is you may be able to eat your way back out of it.

One of the things that can help you is a

diet low in fats—particularly saturated fats—and high in complex carbohydrates and soluble fiber.

Oats can help reduce cholesterol!

In recent clinical studies, where oats were a daily part of a low-fat, low-cholesterol diet, total serum cholesterol levels dropped on average almost 10%. Other medical studies show such a drop could reduce your risk of heart attack by nearly 20%.

Many experts believe it's the soluble fiber in oats that does it. And scientists are finding that *oats are one of the best sources of soluble fiber you can get!*

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Show Business



Taking a break from nightclub performances in Las Vegas, the comedian reflects on his long, spectacular rise from a childhood of poverty

"I Do Believe in Control"

Cosby is a man who gets laughs—and results—by doing things his way



It is midmorning in Las Vegas, and already the desert heat is shimmering wetly on a running track not far from the casino strip. Here Bill Cosby is hurling himself through a series of sprints, his sturdy 6-ft. frame showing the form that won collegiate championships three decades earlier. The stride is long and smooth, and the pace is brisk through 300 meters (43 sec.) and 600 meters (1:48). Cosby beats his target times and beams with satisfaction. He rewards himself with a Cuban cigar the size of a relay baton and sets a faster goal for tomorrow.

At 50 Cosby is, as he would pronounce it, waaaaay out front and still running hard. Already the most beloved and best-paid entertainer in America, he still works like a hungry journeyman: jetting from a movie set in San Francisco to a weeklong casino gig in Las Vegas to the taping of his TV series in New York to a benefit for black college students in Los Angeles. "Sure, sometimes I think I'm stretched thin," Cosby muses, pausing to pinch off the end of his *Connoisseur* Géant. "But I remember how my mother

worked twelve-hour days cleaning other people's houses before coming home to take care of her own house and kids," and "all the things I did in college: running track, playing football, bartending, doing stand-up comedy"—and still making the dean's list. By comparison, he concludes, "this is easy."

Cosby's drive, like much of his comic material, flows from his tough and tender upbringing in a north Philadelphia housing project. His family endured poverty and prejudice but did not surrender to illiteracy. The Cosby home echoed with the sounds of people making up funny stories and listening to others on the radio. Bill's mother Anna would tuck him and his three brothers into their pajamas, the kind with booties sewn in and flaps in the back, and read aloud from Twain and Swift, the brothers Grimm and the Bible.

Anna Cosby also passed along her eccentric way of viewing the commonplace. "She would tell me that if I swallowed the seeds along with the grapes, branches would grow out of my ears and the neighbors would hang laundry on them," Bill recalls. "She would warn that if I kept playing with my navel, it was going to pop out and all the air would spew out of my

body and I'd fly around backwards, flopping around the room."

When Bill was nine, his father, a welder, joined the Navy and left home, returning only occasionally at first, and then not at all. The main man in the youngster's life became his maternal grandfather Samuel Russell. "He loved to tell stories that had some moral point about getting an education, working hard," Bill recalls, "but you'd hardly notice because he'd be so funny and ramble around so much." Russell encouraged the yarns of his precocious eldest grandson. At the end of a session, he would fish around in a sock full of change that was tied to his belt and reward him with the then princely sum of 25¢. Already Cosby was learning that comedy could pay.

Feeling energized, Cosby returns from the track to his hotel at the wheel of a tan BMW. At a traffic light, a pair of adolescent girls stand rooted to the sidewalk, staring at Cosby. He mugs at them with that marvelously mobile mask of a face, flashing through half a dozen expressions, from idiocy to alarm, in as many seconds. The girls crack up, the light turns green and

Cosby speeds away, chuckling with pleasure at his easy ability to make them laugh.

Unlike most comedians, who are "on" only when performing, Cosby is naturally funny for much of his waking day. In his 20s and 30s, he was notorious for his smoldering anger; he bristled at interviewers and once decked Comedian Tommy Smothers at a *Playboy* mansion party. But with age and prosperity, "he got a lot calmer," says his younger brother Russell, 44, a Delta Air Lines service agent in Atlanta. Even today Bill can be pedantic or short-tempered, but most of the time he is simply fun to be around.

Cosby's conversation is peppered with improvised comedic bits, and his anecdotes are dramatized with hilarious faces and voices. On the phone to the Los Angeles surgeon who is treating his 74-year-old mother, Cosby deadpans that "while you've got her in there, we'd like you to fix as many things as you possibly can, so maybe we can get her a boyfriend." He loves practical jokes. Sheldon Leonard, the producer who gave Cosby his first TV role on *J. Spy*, chuckles at the memory of his arrival last year at the chic Grand Hôtel du Cap on the French Riviera, where he was to meet Cosby, who vacations there each summer. Checking into his room, Leonard ordered the bellman, who had his head ducked down, to put away the luggage. The distinctly un-French reply: "Yassuh, boss. I be puttin' it up." It was Cosby in the bellman's uniform.

As a boy, Cosby learned that he could make people like him, and get his way, by making them laugh. He would con his mother out of a cookie by reprising a humorous radio show, and amuse his brothers by cooking breakfast with imaginative

dashes of food coloring: purple waffles, green scrambled eggs. At school he would charm the teachers and tell tall tales. An early report card said, "William should become either a lawyer or an actor because he lies so well." Cosby starred in class plays and displayed both a talent for mimicry and a prodigious memory. He scored high on intelligence tests, and was assigned to a high school for gifted students. There he enjoyed clowning and

evening performance. A onetime amateur jazz drummer, Cosby pays special attention to the beat. "It should go like this," he instructs. "Blippa-da-blappa-da-bloom!"

At first the drummer thinks this is a joke, but Cosby does not let up until it is played his way. Later, in his sumptuous "Elvis Suite" atop the Hilton, Cosby asks his valet to make cappuccino in the espresso machine on the bar. He begins chatting with a guest, but a few moments later doesn't hear a noise that he was expecting; he interrupts to shout at the valet, "Be sure to shake the milk first."



Relaxing offstage: constant jokes and sumptuous surroundings

Among those who have worked with Cosby, his many admirers describe him as "very hands-on," "intensely loyal" and a "perfectionist." Actress Gloria Foster says that "if you do the job for him, you travel first-class. If you don't, you don't stay around him for long." Cosby seems to have few detractors, in part because of his clout in the entertainment business. Those who do criticize him usually call him a "control freak," who feels compelled to make every decision and does not trust subordinates' judgment. As the taping of his television show ran overtime one recent Thursday, with Cosby demanding a third take and re-directing a scene, a crew member grumbled, "Nothing is ever right until he fixes it personally."

Cosby does try to let go on occasion: backing down on a wardrobe change he requested or letting a producer talk him out of an unusual choice of theme music. He concedes, however, that "I do believe in control because, ultimately, it's the *Bill Cosby Show*. I'm responsible for making it work." He adds, with that it's money glare, "If I have to rewrite, redo

playing football, but his classwork suffered. He flunked the tenth grade twice, returned to a regular school, flunked again and finally dropped out. His mother was bitterly disappointed. But even in failure, she says, "Bill was determined to be somebody."

Still clad in his running tights and a FREE SOUTH AFRICA T shirt, Cosby sweeps into the ballroom of the Las Vegas Hilton, where the orchestra is warming up for his

Running in the Nevada desert: being waaaaay out in front does not keep him from pushing hard and setting tougher goals for himself



Show Business

it to make it work for me, then I do it."

Even Cosby's lifelong aversion to alcohol and drugs is described in terms of control: "After one drink, I wasn't in control anymore, and I didn't like that feeling." (Today Cosby collects fine wines to serve to friends, but he does not partake.)

Much of Cosby's vaunted self-reliance dates from his stint in the Navy, after he dropped out of high school. "In boot camp, the force and the discipline were devastating to me," Cosby recalls. "For the first time, I wasn't able to argue or make an excuse for why I didn't do something." Cosby rekindled the desire for learning that his mother had sparked. His younger brother Robert, now 40, a Los Angeles teacher, recalls that when he would write to Bill, his letters would return with the spelling and grammar corrected, accompanied by a letter grade. "I'd usually get a C-plus," Cosby completed high school in the Navy, and at the end of his four-year hitch won admission to Temple University on an athletic scholarship. His track and football coach, Gavin White, recalls that Cosby, then 23, was a leader among his teammates and friends. He was by then a conscientious student but also the team joker, responsible for "keeping the guys loosened up."

The Hilton ballroom is sold out, and Cosby, after starting slowly, leaves the crowd howling at his routine on trifoliar eyeglasses. In his spacious dressing room between shows, he wolf's rigatoni puttanesca and taps his toe to a jazz tape by Slim Gaillard while entertaining a stream of callers. A casino manager from Reno has flown in with a wholesale price book for sterling flatware; Cosby wants 70 place settings, and he wants a better price than the \$98,000 he was quoted retail. He takes a call from a wine merchant about some cases of Château Pétrus, but tells the man that "76 isn't a good enough year." An elegantly suited young woman strolls in with a folder of things for him to sign: bills, checks, a customs release.

Almost every working day, wherever he is in the world, Cosby receives an express-mail packet or a courier bearing checks for the dentist, for college tuition, groceries, sculptures; he personally signs them all. Almost unique among major entertainment couples, Cosby and his wife Camille very seldom grant power of attorney to their business managers. This practice dates from Cosby's acrimonious breakup with a manager in the mid-'70s. At restaurants and shops, Cosby pays cash. Even on major purchases like real estate, he shuns financing. "For people from a lower economic background," he explains, "it means a

lot to know something is paid for." The Cosbys' considerable investments are conservative (blue-chip stocks, mutual funds) and are managed for the most part by Camille.

The Cosbys invest heavily in comfort and aesthetics. They own houses in Manhattan, Philadelphia and Los Angeles, as well as a 265-acre estate near Amherst, Mass. (their primary residence); 22 fine cars, including two Rolls-Royces and a 1937 Aston Martin; an extensive collection of black American art; antique English and Shaker furniture; four cellars of vintage wines; and a seven-passenger Mitsubishi jet (a second jet, a 13-passenger Gulfstream IV, is on order).



With Camille in 1985: a fierce sense of family privacy

"What you never meant to do was to hurt anyone."

Returning to New York City, Cosby goes into rehearsals at a historic studio in Queens, where his show has transferred from its base in Brooklyn during a technicians' strike against NBC. About 7 p.m. Wednesday, after the final run-through, the cast is dismissed. Cosby still wants to pore over the script and fix a couple of scenes that eight-year-old Keshia Knight Pulliam is finding troublesome. But he will do that at home, after dinner.

The Cosby brownstone, in Manhattan's East 60s, is similar to the one inhabited by TV's Huxtables but more distinctively furnished: with Persian carpets, mahogany sculptures and displays of exotic cut flowers. Cosby invites a stranger to the town house only when his wife and

five children are away. He is fiercely protective of their privacy; they decline all requests for interviews. It is known that Son Ennis, 18, is studying prelaw at a black college in the South near his sister Erinn, 20, who studies psychology. Eldest Daughter Erika, 22, is an aspiring artist, painting in New York. The two younger girls, Ensa, 14, and Evlin, 11, attend public schools in Massachusetts.

Camille Cosby, 43, has exerted a quiet and powerful influence over Bill ever since they met on a blind date in 1963. Born in Washington, she studied psychology at the University of Maryland and became a full-time parent shortly after marrying Cosby. Those who know her describe her as classy, reserved, feminine and stubborn. She has used her leverage sparingly but decisively at key points in her husband's career: most recently by encouraging him to create a family TV series and then siding with the producers, who wanted the show's husband to be a physician and the wife a lawyer. (Cosby originally wanted to play a chauffeur married to a Hispanic plumber.) "Camille thought the educational themes would work better with the parents as professionals, and I was glad to agree," Cosby recalls, pressing his knees together demurely, folding his hands in his lap and giving his best henpecked smile.

On their rare nights out in public, Cosby treats his wife with the adoration of a nerdy schoolboy who cannot believe he landed the prom queen. He admits, however, that their life together was not always the stuff of warm situation comedy. About eight years ago, he says, "if somebody had made me choose between my career and my family, I probably would have let the family go."

He took his family for granted, Cosby says, and this attitude led to "selfish behavior" that he will not describe, except to say that it was particularly hurtful to his wife.

Speaking cautiously in the second person, with uncharacteristic somberness, he says, "When you're younger, you want to be sure that by the time you're 80 years old you can sit on the bench and look back and say, 'Man, I did it all. I didn't miss a thing.' What you never meant to do was to hurt anyone, but then you see the look on the face of the person you didn't mean to hurt, and then you realize that what you stand to lose is worth so much more..." He pauses. "I just asked my wife and my kids to forgive me, and ever since then, they've been a part of everything I do."

Since then, Cosby has worn a silver bracelet that he bought for himself inscribed CAMILLE'S HUSBAND. It matches the silver Rolex he wears on his left wrist and the stopwatch he always takes to the track.

—By Dan Goodgame, with Cosby

Books

Urban Razzle, Fatal Glamour

Four authors look at Miami, the definitive city of the '80s

In writing as in real estate, the operating word is location. Readers like to travel, to escape to a setting, preferably hot, sticky and fatally glamorous. Certain television producers understand this instinctively, which is why Don Johnson and Philip Michael Thomas do not star in a show called *Toronto Vice*. Canada's rising cosmopolis may suggest a bright promise of public responsibility and efficiency, but it is Miami whose hard-

nia malaise, and her journalism was carefully calibrated to record fine cracks in sanity and personal relationships. She has expanded more recent reportage and fiction (*Salvador, Democracy*) to poke along the fault lines of the commonweal.

Didion is a virtuoso of the moods of violence and intrigue, but the complexity of public subjects

ford, offers the livelier version of the city's emergence from alligator swamp to Casablanca, U.S.A. His candidate for founding mother is Julia Tuttle, the independent wife of a Cleveland industrialist who persuaded Henry Flagler to extend his Florida East Coast Railway to the shores of Biscayne Bay, where Tuttle had inherited land from her father. The area promised freedom from the occasional winter frosts that inconvenienced rich vacationers 70 miles north at Palm Beach.

The railroad begat hotels, including, naturally enough, Flagler's Royal Palm. By 1896 the city of Miami was incorporated, and, shortly after, racial segregation became a fact of real estate development. Blacks found themselves on the other side of Flagler's track with their backs to the Everglades; they would not return to the shoreline until 1945, when the municipality granted them use of a small beach accessible by boat. Despite their significant numbers (about 20% of the city's population of 372,000, compared with upwards of 60% for Hispanics), Miami's blacks get a small part in these books about urban razzle. The unfortunate exception is the Liberty City riot of 1980, when white-owned stores were set on fire, more than 300 people injured and 18 killed, some dragged from their cars and beaten and burned to death. The violence was sparked by the acquittal of four Dade County policemen, on trial for various charges related to the killing of Arthur McDuffie, a 33-year-old black insurance agent who had been stopped on his motorcycle after a high-speed chase.

Miami Herald Police Reporter Edna Buchanan's graphic account of the McDuffie case and its aftermath is buried in *The Corpse Had a Familiar Face: Covering Miami, America's Hottest Beat*, to be published next month (Random House; 288 pages; \$17.95). She reported the story and remains unconvinced by defense arguments that McDuffie died of crash injuries. The balance of the book is a recollecting of her 16-year career as Miami's murder maven. "I have reported more than 5,000 violent deaths," she boasts. "Many of the corpses have had familiar faces: cops and killers, politicians and prostitutes, doctors and lawyers. Some were my friends."

Buchanan writes in an old-fashioned whiplash style and loves her work. Her best years were 1980-81, when Miami became the homicide capital of the nation; she counts 1,191 killings for the period. Many were casualties of the drug wars. She describes gunplay as common, with morning pedestrians sidestepping the night's victims, senior citizens ducking for cover in hotel lobbies, and a New Year's Eve when

edged pastels define the pitiless sensuality of the '80s.

South Florida is also alluring as a beachhead for Latin American culture, politics and business, some of it conducted conspicuously with drug money packed in suitcases. This, in turn, has attracted a large number of state and federal agents, whose aims and agendas do not always coincide. Such activities go far to explain the growing number of curious writers who have fattened their frequent-flyer accounts with regular trips in and out of Miami International Airport.

The best known is Joan Didion, a native Californian with literary and intellectual power bases in Los Angeles and Manhattan. Lengthy excerpts from her book, simply titled *Miami* (Simon & Schuster; 240 pages; \$17.95), appeared over the summer in the *New York Review of Books*. Didion's credentials as novelist and essayist are well established. *Play It as It Lays* set the '70s standard for Southern Califor-

frequently causes her chiseled prose to shift into the arabesque line that runs from Tocqueville to Murray Kempton. "I never passed through security for a flight to Miami," she writes early in her new book, "without experiencing a certain weightlessness, the heightened wariness of having left the developed world for a more fluid atmosphere, one in which the native distrust of extreme possibilities that tended to ground the temperate United States in an obedience to democratic institutions seemed rooted, if at all, only shallowly."

T.D. Allman (*Miami: City of the Future*; Atlantic Monthly Press; 422 pages; \$22.50) and David Rieff (*Going to Miami: Exiles, Tourists, and Refugees in the New America*; Little, Brown; 230 pages; \$16.95) feel less threatened by Miami's possibilities: the former because he finds the city's history, architecture and ethnic mingle fun; the latter because he is distanced by irony.

Allman, a Florida-born journalist who was educated at Harvard and Ox-



Illustration for TIME by Gary Kelley

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hundreds of Miamians celebrated by shooting out car windows, power transformers and streetlights. A twin-engine Cessna carrying five passengers landed at Miami airport that night with bullet holes in its tail section. Buchanan provides the earth tones pinked over by the producers of *Miami Vice*.

But there can be no drowning out of the city's predominantly Latin beat. David Rieff, an editor at the New York City publishing house of Farrar, Straus & Giroux and the son of Critic Susan Sontag, is beguiled by old buildings that were inspired by fantasies of Moorish Spain and are now inhabited by cocaine cowboys from the Caribbean and South America. He forays among Cuban exiles and their U.S.-born children to talk to writers, artists, intellectuals and yuccas (young, up-and-coming Cuban Americans). He is impressed by their energy, ambition and sense of humor. Among the local jokes is this one about the *marileños*, jailbirds and misfits that Fidel Castro unloaded on the U.S. in 1980: "A *marileño* is driving along on Interstate 95 when he gets a flat tire. He pulls over and starts to change it. A second *marileño* stops behind him, gets out, and asks: 'What's up? Need any help?' The first guy starts to explain about the tire, but the second guy cuts him off. 'No, you get the tire,' he says: 'I'll get the radio.'"

Cultural divisions among Anglos and Latins have also prompted bumper-sticker humor. WITH THE LAST AMERICAN TO LEAVE SOUTH FLORIDA PLEASE BRING THE FLAG? is a popular example. Allman gets his kick when North meets South, as in the alliance of David Kennedy, Miami's former Anglo mayor, and Rosario Arguëlles, an exiled Havana debutante who married Kennedy in 1984 and was elected to the city commission the following year.

Didion is drawn to explore the back channels of power. Her sources are mainly books, articles and public documents about the connections among anti-Castro Cuban refugees and anti-Communist activists in the U.S. Government. The ties—clear, confusing and some crazy enough to be true—are there, as the Iran-*contra* hearings disclosed. Veracity, rumor, deceit and braggadocio are hard to separate. "To spend time in Miami is to acquire a certain fluency in cognitive dissonance," is Didion's evaluation of her experience. Translated from the Latinate, this means she could not make sense out of the town. To compensate, she relies on her feel for the ominous, a proven ability that can make readers believe there may even be rough beasts slouching toward the teddy bear department of F.A.O. Schwarz.

For hard facts with a resonant ring, few can match the one dredged up by Rieff: Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* had its U.S. premiere at the Coconut Grove Playhouse in 1956. *¿Quién es Godot?* *¿Quién sabe?* The play is a masterpiece about waiting and making everything from nothing, a feat, these literary carpetbaggers convince us, that is not uncommon in Miami.

—By R.Z. Sheppard

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Bookends

THE MAKING OF THE AFRICAN QUEEN by Katharine Hepburn
Knopf; 131 pages; \$15.95



Katharine Hepburn writes like this—with lots of dashes. Fragmented sentences too. Exclamations! Asides. Reading her is like listening to her—one imagines. She suggests—in a meandering subtitle—that she almost lost her mind while shooting on location in 1951 in what was then the Belgian Congo. But of course she did not. Found a good, perhaps unsuspected, part of it, actually. As she says, among all her movies and plays, *The African Queen* is the one that remains vividly in memory. For good reason. Tough shoot—they don't come any tougher. Heat. Bugs. Snakes. Minimum crew, equipment. Maximum heightening of the senses deep in exotic country. Sensitive descriptions of people, landscape. Plus. Bogart a total pro—on time, lines letter-perfect, hating his hairpiece. John Huston an elusive macho sprite—flitting through the jungle dropping big game, occasional shrewd directorial insights (gave Hepburn Eleanor Roosevelt as role model).

Our heroine? Practical. Idealistic. Self-deprecating. Humorous anecdotes about both her intestinal troubles and her intestinal fortitude inconveniencing everyone. One thinks—as long as Kate Hepburn lives, so does the spirit of 19th century New England. Odd—nice—it took unlikely root in show biz. Physically her book is like her—slender, handsome (many good pictures), irresistible. "Glory be," as she says.

BLUEBEARD
by Kurt Vonnegut
Delacorte; 298 pages; \$17.95



Those who feel that writing should be a matter of opening a vein and bleeding have never entirely approved of Kurt Vonnegut, whose murmurous style seems as easily achieved as respiration. If the man simply breathes his stuff out, can he be producing anything substantial? He can, of course. Vonnegut's rueful, wondering satire in *Slaughterhouse Five*, *Player Piano* and half a dozen other books says "Goodbye, better luck next time" to human society in the late 20th century. That said, however, an admirer must admit that Vonnegut's novelizing occasionally ticks on reflexively when there seems to be nothing in particular on his mind. So with *Bluebeard*, whose hero is a wealthy, one-eyed old man named Rabo Karabekian, a magazine illustrator in his youth, then a soldier

during World War II, then, briefly, an acclaimed abstract expressionist painter. There is a random quality to this history: Why one-eyed? Why a painter and not a cellist? Rabo's recollections are wistful and charming, but vaporous. The graceful pages are a gifted author's daydreams, but they never coalesce into a novel.

SAVAGES
by Shirley Conran
Simon & Schuster; 587 pages; \$19.95



How do you track a naked ex-gigolo in a rain forest? Exactly how are the banana leaves placed on a human body to prepare it for roasting? Can you convert a brassiere into a slingshot? What is the proper technique for slitting someone's throat with a kitchen knife? The answers to these and other crucial questions about staying alive in the "dark, rotting maw" of a tropical jungle are elucidated by British Writer Shirley Conran. She follows her 1982 best seller, *Lace*, with a tale of five rich, pampered corporate wives running for their lives on the cannibal-infested island of Paui, having seen their powerful husbands cut down by terrorists at the Paradise Bay Hotel. How the designer-dressed ladies survive four months of the cyclone season (known as the "Long Wet") and unite into a group of trained commandos and savage killers is Conran's story. For women who have always wanted to live on the terrain of boys' adventures, her jungle may be a dreamer's paradise.

OUT ON THE RIM
by Ross Thomas
Mysterious Press; 314 pages; \$17.95



This cynically funny, violent caper, set in Corazon Aquino's Philippines, features a motley band of American adventurers: a grizzled expert on terrorism; a gorgeous female Secret Service agent; a beguiling con man of Chinese descent and his lethal Anglo sidekick; and a crook-of-all-work nicknamed Othertguy (he always says some other guy did it). They are hired by an unknown employer—maybe the U.S., maybe a multinational corporation, maybe Aquino herself—to buy the retirement of a long-time guerrilla leader. Immediately they start plotting to swipe the \$5 million payoff for themselves. The theme of dishonor among thieves is echoed in oily CIA agents, as well as in the rebels, who rightly mistrust their own families. Ross Thomas keeps the characters aloft in a cloud of confusion until the last moments, when, a touch too soon, they subside to an earth-bound, workmanlike finale. He ends with a hint of a welcome sequel: there is plenty of joyous connivance left in this crew.



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The War Between the Mates

Three new films chronicle the battle of the sexes

Oh, men. Oh, women. Oh, puh-leeze. They must be able to do something besides meet cute, mate rompsily and end up happily ever-aftering. Come on, guys! Back to the typewriter. Back to the library. Back to the yellowing newspaper files, if you're really desperate. We're missing something.

Lots, as it turns out. Take, for example, *Fatal Attraction*. It is your standard slasher scenario. Pheromones sing sly duets in a seemingly innocuous setting. The sex object is cute and easily seducible, but interested only in an encounter that is brief and zipless. Whereupon the rejected partner falls to obsessive brooding and proceeds down a darkening path from harassment to stalking with a deadly weapon. Uh-huh. At best it sounds like a cult classic in the making.

Unh-uh. For in this very smart movie, the woman is the lovelorn psycho, the man the not-quite-innocent victim. She (Glenn Close) is an editor; he (Michael Douglas) is a lawyer with a wife (the lovely Anne Archer), a child and a career to lose if his two-night stand is discovered. That the two principals are ostensibly mature professionals, not adolescent airheads, gives the film some of its fatal attractiveness. So do James Dearden's plausible, nicely observant script. Adrian



Bar sinister: Douglas gets Close in Adrian Lyne's *Fatal Attraction*

Lyne's elegantly unforced direction, and Close's beautifully calibrated descent into lunacy. Together they bring horror home to a place where the grownup moviegoer actually lives. Men will suddenly, squirming, recall times when they barely escaped the consequences of their caprices. Women have been seen emerging from this movie wearing secret smiles. Their surrogate may be a nut case, but she is also a familiar case, and there are sisterly pleasures in seeing her madly prosecute it.

Well-made fictions like *Fatal Attraction* prosper because they seem more persuasive than fact. Nicolas Roeg's *Cast-*

away has another challenge. Just try believing that a bright, spirited woman like Lucy Irvine (Amanda Donohoe) would answer a man's ad for a desert-island mate and set out for a year alone with an impractical chap like Gerald Kingsland (Oliver Reed). But it did happen, and Roeg and Writer Allan Scott have made an engaging movie based on Irvine's memoir.

Castaway too derives its energy from a reversal. Turns out that Lucy is the one with a taste for solitude and the practicality that survival requires. Gerald is there to catch naps, sun and only the occasional fish. Even a sexual strike by Lucy cannot force him to build a decent hut or a productive garden. There is perhaps a parable here, which Roeg does not force: that woman, however liberated, will build a nest, and that man will wander, if only in his mind, no matter how circumscribed his lot.

Phil Alden Robinson, the writer-director of *In the Mood*, does not seek even the modest parable. He is all amiability recounting the true tale of "Sonny" Wise-carver, the 1940s California teen who twice eloped with older women and became a media sensation. Patrick Dempsey, Talia Balsam and Beverly D'Angelo agreeably impart the message that adolescent sexual energy can cheerily compensate for lack of sexual sophistication. But one cannot help feeling that there is a wicked craziness in their odd couplings that escaped a directorial eye looking merely for goofiness. —By Richard Schickel

Kentucky Fried Sequel

AMAZON WOMEN ON THE MOON

"Starring Lots of Actors," the opening credits of this *Son of Kentucky Fried* movie announce. Also five directors (including Joe Dante and John Landis) and two TV-bred writers (Michael Barrie and Jim Mulholland) itching to bring skitcom to the big screen. Some episodes offer social satire, such as one starring Griffin Dunne as an imish obstetrician who insists that his paint-



Dr. Dunne

ed fist is a woman's newborn baby ("Wanna breast-feed him?"). But most find plenty of fun at show biz's expense. Movies: *Amazon Women on the Moon*, a parody of the already rare Zsa Zsa Gabor epic *Queen of Outer Space*. Books: "Irving Sidney's" *First Lady of the Evening*, in which the President marries a hook-

er. TV: commercials for a synthetic hors d'oeuvre called Silly Paté and for the laundered lift of Black Singer Don ("No Soul") Simmons. The whole thing has the off-hand lunacy of Phi Beta frat boys on spring break. Don't miss it if you can.

—By Richard Corliss

Snake Eyes Of Death

THE PICK-UP ARTIST

Here's what James Toback brings to the table: an obsession with gambling as a metaphor for life's scariest risks, a connoisseur's eye for beguiling women, and a choice collection of vintage 45s. As writer-director of *Fingers*, *Love and Money* and *Exposed*, Toback got high on violence of word, motive and deed, where every roll of the dice can reveal the snake eyes of death. Now, with Molly Ring-

wald as his star and the lure of a PG-13 rating, Toback comes up with the Judy Blume version. Robert Downey (desperately charming) is a young man on the perpetual make: Ringwald (way too pouty) is his mysterious prey, willing to bet her future on a single game of blackjack. With its saucy patter, crisp editing and brazen sensibility, *The Pick-Up Artist* is Toback's first conventional, sit-throughable picture. It is also his most negligible. No life or art is on the line here, just the career of a panther who wants to convince Hollywood he's a pussycat. —R.C.



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People

"Imagine miles of barbed wire and lots of border guards with rifles watching 37 vintage cars," recalls **Rocky Aoki**, 48, describing his approach to the Berlin Wall. Aoki braved breakdowns, bad roads and bureaucratic barricades to become the winner earlier this month of the first Milan-to-Moscow road rally. Already a high-adventure balloonist and speedboat racer, the millionaire owner of the internation-



Roadster Aoki in Red Square

al Benihana restaurant chain jumped at the chance to join 36 other antique-car drivers on the road to Russia. Sponsored by two Soviet car clubs and the Italian Organizzazione Raduni car club, the 1,900-mile race took Aoki through the Iron Curtain to East Berlin, Leipzig, Posnan, Warsaw, Brest, Minsk, Smolensk and finally Moscow, where he drove his 1959 Rolls-Royce Silver Wraith across the finish line in Red Square. The eight-day trip provided some dicey moments for Aoki and his four-member team, who were searched and held for four hours at one checkpoint until a call to the Kremlin cleared the way. As for the Warsaw-to-Moscow highway, he reports, "It's a regular country road—two lanes and then dirt. We thought we had taken a wrong turn." Aoki's sense of direction and drive got him there, but he was still somewhat deflated when high winds prevented him from launching a hot-air balloon he had brought in his trunk. "Seems we now have three airports in town," joked one Sovi-



"Maikeru" Jackson being bad in Japan

et official, referring to **Mathias Rust**, the West German who had landed his single-engine Cessna near the same spot last June. "One international, one domestic, one Red Square."

As he arrived at Narita airport near Tokyo, a herd of 300 photographers rushed forward to get a quick shot before he was hustled into a waiting limousine and off to his own guarded hotel room. And that was just **Bubbles**, **Michael Jackson's** celebrated pet chimpanzee. Japan last week went *Bad* mad for anything to do with the androgynous pop star, who kicked off a 15-month world tour at Korakuen baseball stadium before 38,000 screaming and dancing fans. Surrounded by smoke and blinding panels of light, and clad in black spandex and chains, "Maikeru," as he is known there, emerged to a thunderous ovation and greeted the audience with the word "Konnicchiwa" (Good afternoon). His 16-song, 100-minute concerts outdrew and out-debiled those of Madonna last June. (A Tokyo TV station measured the volume.) "His

dancing was fabulous," swooned one fan. "Ordinary people can't move like that." They can't play like him either. To relax between shows, the reclusive singer made sure

Tiffany Toasts Its 150th

The little candy store of the **Astors** and **Vanderbilts**, not to mention today's money-come-latelies, is having an anniversary, and as a specialist in anniversary presents, it will not stint on itself. During the next four months, Tiffany & Co. will celebrate its sesquicentennial with dinner gals, champagne breakfasts and museum exhibits in nine cities. Last week in hometown Manhattan, Tiffany



Alexis, Feinstein, Chaney uncork perfume

Chairman **William R. Chaney** was host of the first major party, for 235 of "our most prominent friends," at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The preening power brokers, real estate tycoons, philanthropists, press lords and lockjaw socialites admired the contents of one another's safe-deposit boxes. **Paloma Picasso**, daughter of the painter as well as

Tiffany's innovative jewelry designer, was her own best advertisement, wearing a pink kunzite stone dangling from a chain of baroque pearls. "I'm tempted to keep so much of my jewelry," she admits.

Much of the chitchat, between the near-miss kisses of greeting, was about the ne plus ultra emporium **Hubert de Givenchy**, **Pat Buckley** and **Lily Auchincloss** wandered by patrician Socialite **Lee**

Thaw as she was saying, "Tiffany belongs to us, as many of its rivals do not." Billionaire **Donald Trump** shepherded his bejeweled wife **Ivana** and crowded about what a "quality group of people" were at the store, a Fifth Avenue neighbor of his opulent Trump Tower. To Publisher **Malcolm Forbes**, Tiffany means "bills"—for the wedding presents he regularly buys. "If it comes in a Tiffany box," said Forbes, "you're predisposed to like it, even if it is the fourth candlestick."



Picasso displays her gold ropes

he would get a seat on the roller coaster by renting the entire Korakuen amusement park.

The first day of school is a daunting moment in the life of any lad, but Britain's **Prince Henry, 3**, was already scoring high marks in unflappability during his debut at a London nursery school last week. As a doting **Prince Charles and Diana** looked on, "Harry" calmly



Harry: class exercise

shook hands with his teacher and skipped down the stairs of the same school in Notting Hill attended earlier by his older brother **Prince William, 5**. Classified as a Cygnet (less se-

nior than the Swan and Big Swan upper-class children), Harry spent two hours singing, cutting out pictures, making clay figures and painting "I was upset about leaving Harry." Mum Diana reportedly admitted later in the afternoon, "But now I'm going to meet him, and I can't wait." She needn't have worried. The little prince is showing a nice mix of royal aplomb and requisite disdain for the press. Intrigued by the throng of reporters and TV cameras recording his departure from school, Harry paused to get a closer look—through a pair of binoculars he had made by gluing together two toilet-paper tubes.

The psychic prediction in the May issue of the *National Examiner* claimed she would fall in love with a 300-lb. wrestler and write a hit song called *He's Got a Headlock on My Heart*. Of course, **Dolly Parton's** first reaction to the pumped-up premonition was to hoot with laughter; then her mind started working "I thought, 'Well, how amusing,'" she recalls. "So I got this big idea that **Hulk Hogan** should come on the show and that I should write this song, which I've done, and it's turned out really cute." The resulting music video, which airs this week on the debut of Parton's new ABC show, *Dolly*, is a



Love on the ropes: Parton and Hogan putting a wedlock on each other

clench-pressing heartpounder that shows Parton getting a crush on the professional wrestler and finally hitching up with him in the ring. "Getting married to her for me is like floating on a cloud," hurls Hogan. "She just draws you like a magnet." The attraction was mutual, Says Parton: "I can't

think of a better fantasy than for him to pin me down for a lifetime." Of course, if that were to happen, it does lead to a premonition about a sequel rematch, maybe *I'm Gonna Body Slam That Two-Timing Man*. —By Guy D. Garcia. Reported by David E. Thigpen/New York

Next night peripatetic Chairman Chaney was off to Boston for yet another bash; he will preside over parties in weeks to come in London, Los Angeles, Chicago, San Francisco and Dallas. There is also a self-celebratory new \$50 book, *Tiffany's 150 Years*. And to further anoint its faithful, the store has launched Tiffany, its own \$200-an-oz. perfume (which is \$5 for a generous whiff of Tiffs). At the unveiling party two weeks ago, Pianist-Singer **Michael Feinstein** entertained, and Model **Kim Alexis**, festooned with \$1 million worth of jewelry, was decorative. Swirling guests peeked most intently at the encased \$17 million, 128.51-carat Tiffany diamond, the store's 50th anniversary gift to itself.

No genteel host disdains expense, but the undisclosed price of the 150th anniversary celebrations should be afford-



The Trumps with their party favors

able. Sales for the first half of this year are up 31% over the same period last year, to \$94.2 million. Tiffany now has eight stores in the U.S., one in London and 15 boutiques in Japan. That is a long but not entirely unimagined distance from the elegant stationery and dry goods shop at 259 Broadway, founded in 1837 by **Charles Lewis Tiffany**, then 24. With something of the splashy marketing genius of his friend **P.T. Barnum**, Tiffany arranged surreptitiously to buy a newly uncovered cache of the French royal jewels in 1848 and thus got into the bauble business.

After Retail Magnate **Walter Hoving** purchased Tiffany in 1955, he removed both the curtained entrance and the stern doorman who warned only to old-line money. In 1961 the film *Breakfast at Tiffany's* put the Manhattan store on the tourist map. But the security blanket to generations of rich Americans still maintains standards. So don't try to buy one of the distinctive robin's-egg-blue gift boxes. They, and the Tiffany diamond, are the only treasures that are not for sale.

—By Martha Smilgis. Reported by Mary Cronin and Jeannie Ralston/New York



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Food



War of the poultry: Perdue and Shore take up their drumsticks and heat up the precooked-bird fight for fast-food shoppers

They're Fencing Beak to Beak

A celebrity duel is joined for fatter chicken profits

It's drumsticks at 20 paces and no chickening out as Dinah Shore and Frank Perdue square off in what history may record as the Great American Chicken War. Looking to outstrut each other as they winged into New York City last week, both hawked new supermarket products—cooked chicken, prepared in a variety of cuts and seasonings and all dubbed fresh despite an avowed ten-to-17-day shelf life. Ducking questions about whether a week-old roast chicken could be considered truly fresh, Perdue and Shore made it plain that in this case the term means not frozen and, presumably, not spoiled. "I even ate some that was in my refrigerator for 40 days," reported Perdue, a strict calorie and cholesterol watcher who binges on caramel popcorn. "I was a little worried, but I'm too tight to throw it away."

With their ready-to-eat chicken products, the fowl combatants hope to pluck some feathers from such fast-food chains as McDonald's, Burger King and Wendy's. "They have siphoned off about 20% of supermarket poultry sales in the past five years," estimates Kent Hill, a marketing executive for Holly Farms. That is an increasingly important market share, as chicken begins to surpass beef in the American diet. Dinah Shore, the Tennessee-born singer and cookbook author, is the spokeswoman for Holly Farms Foods, which last week launched its oven-roasted chickens with a celebrity bash at Manhattan's Hard Rock Cafe. Some 400 hungry guests joined Shore to gorge on 300 lbs. of chicken in plain, Cajun or smoky barbecue flavors—the last being

an almost inedible, acridly bittersweet and sticky mass. The clear plastic-sealed chickens and chicken parts are being introduced in the mid-Atlantic states and Memphis (home of the Holly Farms parent company); before long they will be available in all states except Alaska, Hawaii and, possibly, California.

Perdue, who speaks for his own company, in Salisbury, Md., has been selling a full "Perdue Done It" line along the Eastern seaboard for the past three months, and it will be introduced next in Ohio. Restricting flavors to plain, with a piquant hot-and-spicy variation for chicken wings, the Perdue line, like Holly Farms, offers parts and whole roasted chickens. Perdue also has breaded tenders (fillets of breast) and nuggets, as well as cutlets that are formed of boned, cut-up white meat. So far nuggets are the biggest sellers, popular especially with college students and singles, who heat them in toaster ovens.

In general, these cooked products

cost twice as much as comparable cuts of raw chicken, but they are about one-third less expensive than fast-food counterparts. And though there are minor differences in preserving, cooking and packaging techniques, both companies follow roughly the same procedures. Chickens are injected with water (Holly Farms) or broth (Perdue), along with seasonings and such preservatives as dextrose, sodium phosphate, malic or citric acid; many of the Farms products also contain vegetable or coconut oil. Though several samples from both processors were bloody, the meat is generally cooked until well done to kill bacteria.

As a result, the meat tends to be dry when heated according to instructions and tastes better cold. Either a conventional oven or a microwave can be used for heating, but a conventional oven is better for breaded pieces, which should be crisp. As for shelf life, Perdue's method of replacing oxygen with inert nitrogen gives better results, judging from two dozen samples tested. The Holly Farms chilling process requires that the cooked birds be stored at between 28°F and 32°F, a range not always maintained in supermarkets and home refrigerators.

Overall, the Perdue products, particularly the Cornish hens, seemed somewhat fresher and brighter than the often gray-tinged, overly salty and watery Holly Farms cuts. But neither is a match for the home-cooked product, or even for a chicken fresh off the rotisserie of a neighborhood deli. Asked if the Holly Farms product is as good as her home-roasted chicken, Shore did her best. "Well, I sprinkle mine with herbs, salt, pepper and lemon juice and pop it in the oven, and it's not any better than this," she said with an almost straight face. Almost. —By Mimi Sheraton

An Elegant Sufficiency

No regional American cuisine is so original or so richly varied as that of the South, and finally there is a single volume that explores all of its delectable diversity. *Southern Food*, by John Egerton (Knopf, 408 pages; \$22.95), combines history and lore, recipes and personalities plus, as lagniappe for travelers, a selection of restaurants in the

South recommended for first-hand sampling. Egerton, a Nashville-based writer with a lifelong passion for food, has included a bibliography of writings about Southern food and quotes on this colorful cuisine from a variety of authors and observers. In describing Southern manners, he recalls how a

good Georgia girl was taught by her grandmother that when she wanted to be excused from the table, she should say, "I've had an elegant sufficiency." Exactly what Egerton provides so deliciously.





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